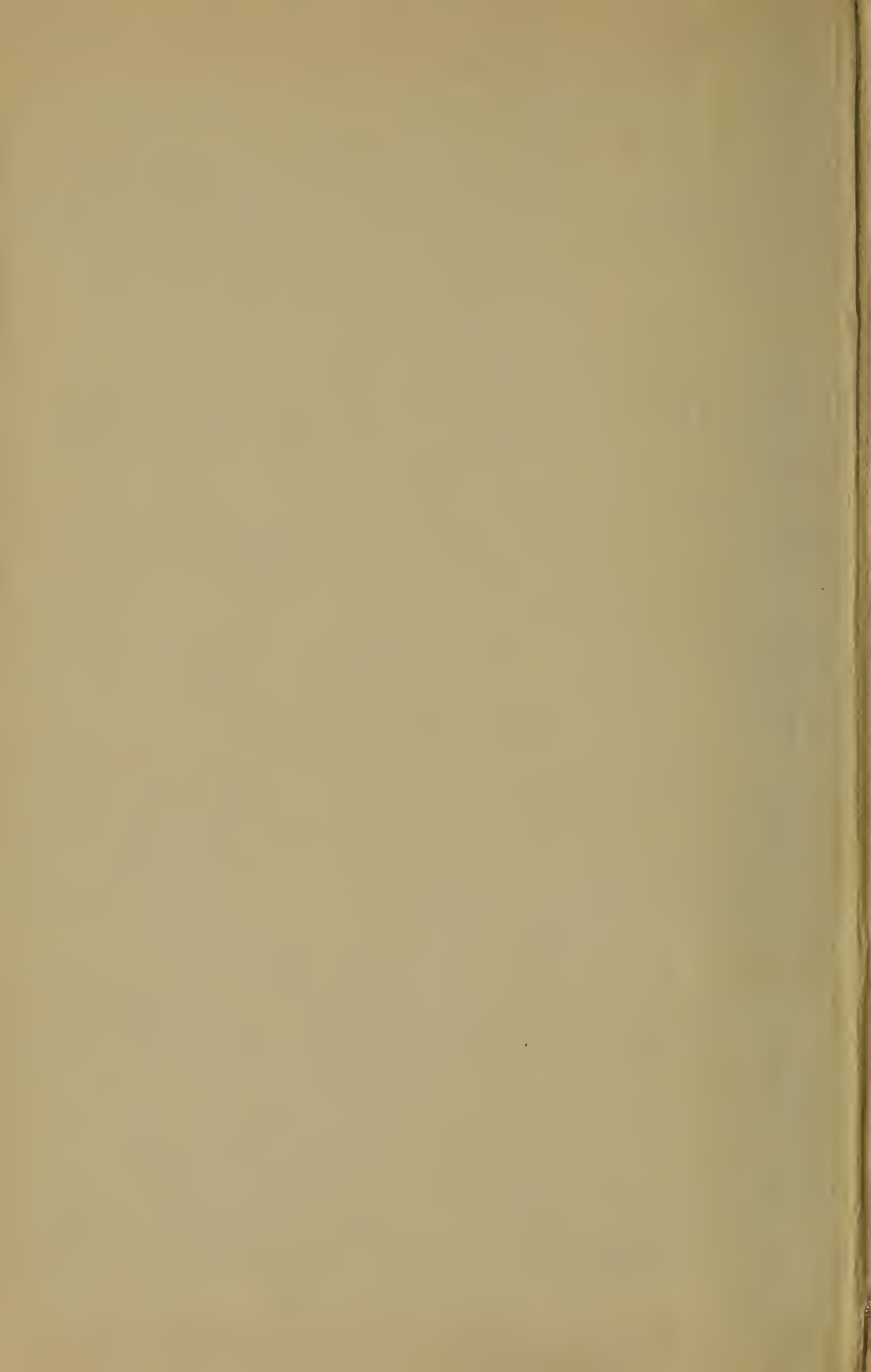






The LINK



April 1952

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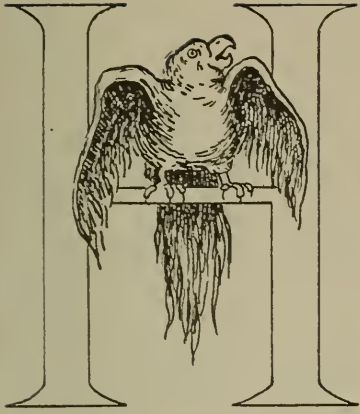
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Happy Easter!

by Alyce Miller Mullen

IT WAS GOOD FRIDAY, so Mr. Putrum closed up the shop at noon. The little brass bell jangled decidedly as he pulled the door closed and flipped the CLOSED TODAY sign down over the glass. He stopped once more to peer between the letters on the front window—a last check to see that everyone in there was all right.

“Balzac,” he said, stepping back to the curb and studying PUTRUM’S PET SHOP printed in bold green letters across the pane, “those letters need touching up, don’t they? Especially the *R*—yes, and the *T*.”

Balzac tipped forward on the old man’s shoulder and cocked his head to get a better look from his good eye.

“The *T*,” he repeated. And then, looking into Mr. Putrum’s face, “Happy Easter!”

“Yes,” chuckled Mr. Putrum patting the bird on its head, “‘Happy Easter!’ I suppose that’s all I’ll get out of you now. Already I question my sanity on the day I taught you those words. But you’re a good boy, Balzac,” he added affectionately, “a good boy.”

“A good boy,” mimicked Balzac, “Happy Easter!”

The parrot settled down in Mr. Putrum’s warm, high collar with his head tilted so that he could take in all that occurred on his side of the walk. Mr. Putrum, smiling to himself, pulled on his gloves and started briskly through the park.

He stopped now and again to check the buds on the trees, to watch the squirrels getting set for spring, and to enjoy the marble fountain splattering water over the railing at his feet.

“Beautiful time, beautiful time,” he murmured aloud.

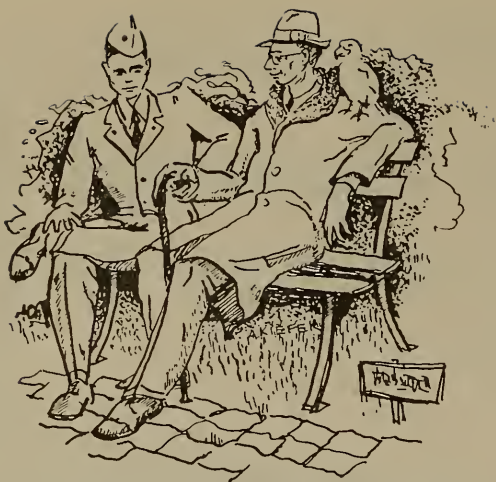
“Beautiful time,” chirped Balzac, burrowing himself farther under the collar.

“Come on, Balzac,” Mr. Putrum suggested enthusiastically, “let’s sit down and enjoy ourselves. Pull your head out of there and get a look at this spring day.”

Balzac reluctantly maneuvered his way out from under the collar flap, but retreated hastily at the sound of the splashing fountain and the chattering squirrels.

“Come on, you ole introvert,” Mr. Putrum coaxed, endeavoring to pull Balzac out of his refuge, “come on. . . .”

“Happy Easter!” Balzac croaked apologetically.



"All right, all right," Mr. Putrum exclaimed, laughing heartily. "How I spoil you, Balzac!" he added, chuckling with little concern.

"Tell me so I can laugh too," a cynical voice cut into his laughter.

Mr. Putrum looked up. "Well, young man, sit down. I didn't realize we had an audience."

The young man hesitated a moment, then, shrugging his shoulders, dropped down beside Mr. Putrum on the wooden bench. Balzac teetered as Mr. Putrum's shoulder fell. He worked his head out just far enough to cock his good eye at the cause of the disturbance. A husky marine with thick, stubborn lips and a long, determined nose sat next to Mr. Putrum. His square chin looked equally determined, but deep-set eyes said he wasn't quite sure.

"Well," Mr. Putrum began after an awkward silence, "so you want something to laugh about."

"What was so funny?" the marine asked suspiciously.

"Oh, forgive me," chuckled Mr. Putrum. "Balzac, come out and meet a friend of mine, Corporal—"

"Peters," the boy obliged.

"Corporal Peters, Balzac." Mr. Putrum pulled back the wide flap. Balzac scolded furiously, muttering as he crouched against Mr. Putrum's neck; but, finding it impossible to take refuge, he stepped defiantly out to the end of the collar and glared at the corporal.

"Corporal Peters," Mr. Putrum repeated.

"Corporal Peters," Balzac mocked, "Happy Easter!"

The corporal roared with laughter. "Hi, Balzac!" he exclaimed cheerfully, watching the parrot saucily shake himself. "Some bird!"

"Some bird!" chirped Balzac emphatically as he settled down on top of the collar.

"Some name, too!" the marine added, grinning broadly.

"Balzac was a great Frenchman," Mr. Putrum added, scratching the bird on its back with his index finger. "Yes, a great Frenchman."

"This parrot?" the corporal exclaimed.

"No, no," replied Mr. Putrum, still smiling. "Balzac the writer—the author."

"Guess that's on me," the corporal replied with an embarrassed grin.

"You and hundreds of us," answered Mr. Putrum good naturedly.

Balzac hopped around to the other shoulder to get a better view of the marine, who sank back against the bench. He was no longer grinning; his face was expressionless, and his deep-set eyes seemed to retreat farther back under his bushy, dark brows.

"Well, Balzac," he sighed heavily, tapping the parrot on the

beak. "Clad somebody's got the spirit."

"Happy Easter!" Balzac obliged.

"Yeah," the corporal replied soberly, "same to you."

The three sat in comfortable silence.

"A girl?" Mr. Putrum interrupted.

The corporal glanced at him and away quickly.

"Yes, sir."

"Back home?"

"Here."

"This is your home?"

"No, but I'm stationed near by. This girl. . . ." The corporal hesitated.

"Is very pretty," Mr. Putrum added, the corners of his droll mouth curving still farther upward.

"Oh, she's pretty, all right," the corporal continued, "but—"

"You had a quarrel," added Mr. Putrum again.

"I met her the other night at a dance," the corporal hurried on. "We got along swell. I liked her, and I think she liked me. Last night I took her out and—well—we sort of had a disagreement on—on how to say good night. I suppose I was—but she looked mighty pretty—you know what I mean."

Mr. Putrum nodded sympathetically as Balzac closed his good eye and lowered his head in understanding.

"Anyhow," he continued, "we were to have a date for Easter. Go to her house for dinner, and then some place just together. I even let her talk me into church at seven in the morning—*me*, Jerry Peters!" He paused, looking around to see if the full significance was felt by his listeners. Ap-

parently satisfied he continued, but soberly as before. "Now I know it's all off—"

"Have you tried to see her?" Mr. Putrum asked with genuine interest.

"Yes, sir. I called her house this morning. She wasn't in, they said."

There was another long silence. The corporal sat hunched up staring gloomily into the spraying fountain. Mr. Putrum settled back, stretching his long legs full length in front of him, and stared into the spray too. Balzac, bored with the glum attitude of his companions, scratched impatiently on the older man's shoulder and, straining his short neck, pecked the marine's arm.

"Yeah, I know, 'Happy Easter,' " the corporal answered.

Just then they heard the sharp, even clicking on the stone walk. Balzac jerked his head around to bring into view a slim girl with wide, frank eyes and a clipped, trying-not-to-look-pugged nose. She stepped with familiarity over the uneven stones, looking neither to right nor left, just straight on with a determined expression, as if to clean up whatever was at the other end of the walk.

"It's *her*!" Corporal Peters stabbed his elbow into Mr. Putrum's side as he bolted upright.

"Just sit still a moment," Mr. Putrum whispered calmly.

"And let her pass without seeing me?" the boy exclaimed, getting up.

"She'll see you better if you sit still," Mr. Putrum returned, pulling the corporal down again.

(Continued on page 12)

CHERRY-BLOSSOM TIME IN JAPAN

By
Elizabeth
Sadler

Now that Asia fills the horizon of so many Americans, THE LINK introduces a wide-awake observer, pictured below in Japanese costume, who will contribute a series of articles on scenes and customs and events in the Asiatic and Pacific world.

April is cherry-blossom time in Washington as well as in Japan, thanks to the city of Tokyo, whose mayor sent us our beautiful trees in 1912.

Miss Sadler takes you at this season to the land of their origin.

—THE EDITOR

FROM THE SOUTHERN TIP of the islands, spreading gradually northward, the dark trees have unfolded in spray after spray of misty pink blossoms. In villages and cities, in parks and gardens, along roadways and river banks, and high in the mountains, the beautiful *sakura* blooms have created a fairyland of pink-and-white loveliness.

Across the length and breadth of the land the Japanese are celebrating. The whole of April might be called a continuous cherry-blossom festival, with each city, each town, each village, each shrine or temple, having its own special *matsuri* (or *fiesta*) sometime during the month.

The entire population is out strol-

ling and viewing the blossoms. Every train and car and bus is overflowing with old and young on their way to some noted place for cherry viewing. For the brief duration of the blossoms, before the spring rains whip them down, the

nation itself seems to be out on holiday. Everyone feels the fleeting quality of their loveliness. Everyone wants to savor them to the full while they last.

The National Flower

Probably no other flower in the world is glorified and worshiped as is the *sakura-no-hana*, the cherry blossom of Japan. It is the national flower, symbolizing flower perfection to the Japanese, even as Mount Fuji symbolizes the perfect



mountain. Its delicate beauty and faint fragrance, its simplicity and ephemeral loveliness, combine to satisfy their aesthetic sense.

The cherry blossom also symbolizes the national character of the people. The feudal samurai was compared to the short-lived *sakura* bloom; for the samurai, flower of Japanese culture, reigning in glory for a brief day, was ready at any time to give his life for his master. The symbolic relation of the cherry blossom to the spirit of the "Yamato race," as the Japanese call themselves, was expressed by the scholar Norinaga Motoori:

The spirit of Yamato's isles

If, chance, a stranger should inquire,

Go, show the morning sun that smiles
Upon the mountain-cherry fair.

Cherry trees grow to be very old, and, like other things in Japan, they are valued according to their age and to their evidence of having withstood the buffets of life. The more twisted and gnarled they are, the more beautiful they are considered. They are pruned and trained with loving care, their ancient limbs often supported by elaborate trellises from which droop long trailing vines of blossoms.

Not far from my billet stretches the athletic field of a Japanese boys' school. Completely surrounding this field, weather-beaten but noble cherry trees stand in solid rank, their bowed heads and reaching arms pronouncing benediction on the players.

Leaning against a gnarled tree trunk on Sunday afternoon, I looked through overhanging blos-

soms at the young athletes below. They appeared to be enclosed in a delicate technicolor frame. Somehow the picture seemed the essence of Japan. The venerable cherry trees renewing themselves in a fresh mist of blossoms, so soon to be a pink snow upon the dark earth. Sturdy, deep-rooted trees bending over a new generation of youngsters, active and quick, who must find new roots in a different Japan.

Varieties of Cherry Trees

There are many varieties of cherry trees, most of them looking very much like blossoming crab-apple trees. The blossoms vary in color from light crimson buds, which open out into a deep pink, to the most delicate pink buds imaginable, which burst into a glory of white when full blown. Both single and double blossoms are found, ranging in size from those not much larger than forget-me-nots to those as big as small gardenias. Usually the leaves do not come out till the blossoms are faded and gone, but on some varieties of trees the young leaves burst forth almost as soon as the blossoms.

Cherry trees are extensively cultivated in Japan, in cities and parks and private and public gardens. But they grow wild on the plains and in the mountains.

When forty or fifty years old they are about forty feet high, with a rambling spread, and trunks four to six or even eight feet in circumference.

Some live to be hundreds of years old.

A few varieties bear small edible

berries, but most of them do not bear fruit. The chief mission of the cherry tree is to be beautiful.

Cherry-Blossom Tours

I went on cherry-blossom tours through Tokyo, Osaka, Nara, and Kyoto. Picnickers and celebrators were out in droves and hordes, happy and gay, resplendent in their finest kimonos. It was hard to move in some of the crowds.

Japanese said prayers and made offerings and burned incense at the shrines and temples.

They bought bright souvenirs and fluttery trinkets from booths springing up as thick as the cherry blossoms.

They tied thousands of good-luck papers and copies of prayers to bushes and trees, to flutter in the breezes.

Some men and boys were hopelessly wobbly and rubber-kneed from too much sake, but these were always ably supported by soberer friends. There was much gaiety but no rowdyism.

In Kyoto, ancient capital of old Japan, I was fortunate to meet up with "Lilly" Furuya. Small and trim and slim, Lilly has nothing of Lucy Herndon Crockett's "inverted coca-cola bottle" figure about her. On the contrary, she is as petite and as attractive a maid as one could wish to find. She has merry brown eyes and softly waving bobbed hair, and she wears Western clothes with ease and grace. Lilly happened to share the bus seat with me on a big cherry-blossom tour, and she offered her services as my personal guide and interpreter. What a wonderful break for me!

A Special Feature of the Season

After the tour Lilly invited me to go with her to a geisha dance. It turned out to be the famous Miyako Odori, a special Kyoto feature of the cherry-blossom season, now in its sixty-fifth year. Five performances are given daily during April. It is said to be the most elaborate and spectacular of the odori dances, and one of the greatest stage spectacles in Japan. And I would have missed it but for Lilly.

In the dark we slipped into choice seats that seemed to be reserved for us. Plunking sounds of musical instruments being tuned came faintly from backstage. A slight stir of anticipation, and three curtains were drawn—one on the stage and one on each side of it, about where opera boxes would be.

On the left sat an orchestra of about a dozen girls dressed in bright kimonos, who played and beat various kinds of peculiar drums and other musical instruments. The most striking feature about these girls was the complete absence of expression on their white-powdered faces.

Across from them sat another dozen girls dressed in black kimonos, six singers and six samisen players. (The samisen is a kind of mandolin or banjo.) They too were completely dead-pan.

These two groups of girls furnished all the music, and they intrigued me fully as much as the dancers.

Odori dancing is wholly different from Western dancing. It is entirely a posture dance, with slow movements of the body, feet, head, arms, and hands. Fans, sprays of

blossoms, baskets of flowers, flags, and other props are used to interpret the different stories portrayed by the dancers.

Neither expression nor emotion is shown on the face of any odori dancer. Many of the dances are adapted from those of the classic Noh plays, and the dancers strive to keep their faces as expressionless as the Noh masks. The essence of the art is to show emotions by gestures and poses, not by facial expression.

In one dance two girls wore lion masks, with tremendous wigs, one white and one red, whose plaits fell all the way to the floor. The "lions," in elaborately beautiful brocaded costumes, danced and played with butterflies and huge peonies.

"This is a famous Japanese folk tale," explained Lilly as the dancers portrayed a fox who became a woman and married and bore children.

"That is a well-loved Japanese lullaby," she whispered as a dancer cuddled an imaginary baby to the strains of a plaintive melody.

Throughout the dancing, the girl chorus and orchestra kept up the weird music and singing—or, rather, choral chanting, much like that of a Greek chorus.

I was truly sorry when the rather long performance drew to a close.

A Cherry-Blossom Tea Ceremony

After the dance Lilly had another treat in store—my first tea ceremony. The geisha girl who presided meticulously performed every tiny detail connected with the leisurely ceremony. Every gesture, every ingredient, every uten-



Geisha dancer

sil, has its exact rules and symbolic meanings. Finally the powdered green tea was whisked into a froth and served with tiny cakes shaped like cherry blossoms.

The tea had the appearance and consistency of thick pea soup. It was served in a handleless crockery cup which, following Lilly's example, I lifted in both hands and cuddled before I drank.

"The tea should be taken in exactly three and a half swallows," said Lilly, with a long sucking noise of satisfaction as the half-swallow was downed.

Thus in native fashion, in the ancient capital of Kyoto, I joined the Yamato race in celebrating the advent of their cherry blossoms, coronation of spring and harbinger of the summer season.

Sayonara!

The Man Who Thought He Was Emperor

BY JAY SCOTT

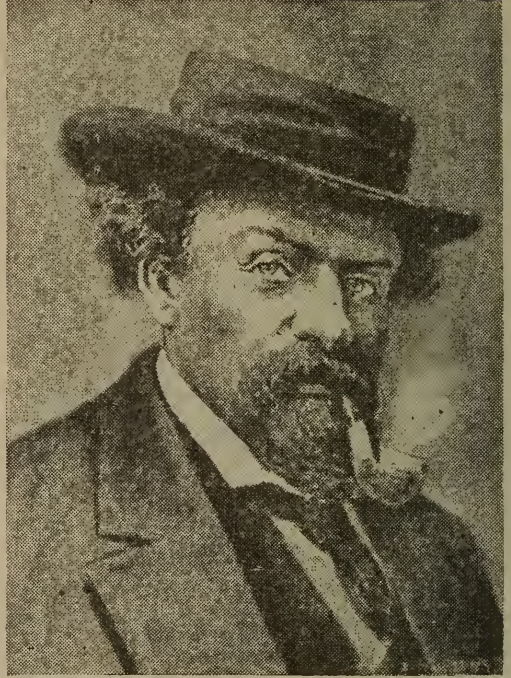
DURING THE ADMINISTRATIONS of Presidents Lincoln, Johnson, and Grant there dwelt in these forty-eight states a legendary figure whose boasted authority exceeded even that of the presidents—His Gracious Highness, Norton the First, Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico.

From the seat of his government at San Francisco the self-styled emperor extended his benevolent protection over a vast sweep of land embracing all of the mushrooming Western wilderness. He ruled by decree. He levied taxes, issued money, had royal entree into theaters, drank freely in saloons.

For two decades this somber-eyed little man who had gone quietly mad ruled San Francisco with remarkable vision.

The story of a water-front derelict who became a king takes on an ironic twist when a study of succeeding events reveals that many of his decrees have since been put into effect. The bridge he ordered built to Oakland has been constructed. Today it is known as the San Francisco Bay Bridge.

An eye-stopping figure in his braid-glittering uniform, topped by a white beaver hat riding jauntily astride his wind-whipped locks, this dignified little travesty of nobility paraded regally through the streets of the Bay City, graciously acknowledging the bows of his subjects.



Emperor Norton, after a water color by Virgil Williams

His official promenades took him past buildings under construction, where, in a large notebook, he jotted down ordinance infractions.

Deeply concerned about the education of the youth of his domain, he became a regular visitor to local schools.

When an event of some importance was taking place, he often appeared unexpectedly and delivered an unprogramed speech.

The University of California at Berkeley was a weekly stop on his agenda. There the students be-

sieged him for positions at court as prime minister or admiral of the "Imperial Navy."

In addition to his local administrative duties, he occasionally took a foray into national affairs. When John Brown attempted to foment a rebellion in Virginia to free the slaves, was convicted of treason, and consequently hanged, the Emperor felt it necessary to take a hand. By proclamation, he removed Governor Wise of Virginia from office and appointed John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky in his stead.

Another decree abolished the supreme court of California.

At a time when the Civil War seemed approaching a stalemate, His Majesty declared a blockade of Confederate ports. This proved ineffective, so he then ordered Governor Leland Stanford to advance funds from the state treasury to enable him to travel to the national capital and personally dictate peace terms. This brought no results; hence, he issued an edict abolishing the offices of President Lincoln, Vice-President Johnson, and the speaker of the House of Representatives.

But perhaps his most famous proclamation read:

Whereas, It is Necessary to our Peace, Prosperity and Happiness, as also to the National Advancement of the People of the United States, that they should dissolve the Republican form of government and establish in its stead an absolute Monarchy; Now, therefore, We, Norton I, by the grace of God and the National Will, Emperor of the Thirty-Three States and the multitude of Territories of the United States, do hereby dissolve the Republic of the United States of America, and it is accordingly hereby

dissolved; and all laws made from and after this date, either by the National Congress or any State Legislature, shall be null and of no effect. All Governors, and all other persons in authority, shall maintain order by enforcing existing laws and regulations until the necessary alterations can be effected.

Given under our hand and seal at Headquarters, San Francisco, this 26th day of July, 1860.

NORTON I

Thus, by a stroke of his pen, His Imperial Highness dissolved all existing government.

Foreign affairs also came under his scrutiny. Daily he sent cables of congratulations, condolence, or opinions on matters of international importance, to such world figures as Napoleon, Disraeli, and the Czar of Russia. To Empress Eugénie of France he offered a permanent home in California when Napoleon died. He strongly advised Bismarck to recall his Prussian and Austrian troops from the disputed provinces of Schleswig and Holstein. And when Archduke Maximilian, a person of whom he highly disapproved, became a trifle high-handed in Mexican affairs, Norton ordered the French-appointed emperor delivered to him as prisoner.

To finance his activities, the mad little monarch had two methods:

The first was to issue promissory notes, usually for the sum of fifty cents, which he chose to call "bonds of empire." Printed free of charge by an obliging gentleman named Charles A. Murdock, to whom he promised the position of chancellor of the exchequer, the bonds were recognized as legal tender by all restaurants, stores, and public conveyances.



Emperor Norton reviewing the University Battalion at Berkeley

The other method was direct taxation. Armed with a large account book in which he had listed the names and addresses of all business firms within his domain, Norton would visit these establishments monthly, collecting sums fixed from twenty-five cents to one dollar.

It was not long before the name of Norton the First headed the list of fabulous figures in an era when men lived outside the bounds of convention. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote of him in "The Wrecker." Mark Twain and Bret Harte made it a point to inquire after his health when they saw him.

A bit of gold-wreckage washed up on the shores of the present, he nevertheless possessed a regal air that lent reality to his illusion. There were those who believed he was a member of the nobility. Stories spread that he was actually the illegitimate son of Louis Napoleon or the natural son of William the Fourth. He affectionately

addressed Queen Victoria as "my dear cousin." When a friend from his youth in South Africa suggested he had been mistaken about his royal birth, he slyly hinted that he was the crown prince to the throne of France, sent to South Africa to escape assassination while yet a child, and there adopted by a family named Norton. So seriously did he take his noble responsibilities that when a rival, billing himself as George Washington the Second, turned up in town, the emperor issued an edict proclaiming him insane and sentencing him to a local asylum. George Washington the Second hastily left town.

There was nothing in the rather prosaic background of Joshua Norton to prepare him for the role he was to play in later years. Born to lower-class English Jews, he and his family were among the four thousand English colonists who emigrated to South Africa in the year 1820. There his father became in succession a farmer, an agent for shipping interests, and part owner of a ship chandlery. In 1848 he died, bankrupt.

Joshua Norton drifted into San Francisco in the boom year of 1849. His shrewd business mind saw unlimited possibilities in the fast-paced growth of the Bay City. Speculating on that wild waterfront, in commodities ranging from hides to foodstuffs, he also found time to dabble in real estate, lend money, and sell stock in Sierra mining corporations. Several years' time found him firmly entrenched as a solid pillar of the city's highest social stratum. By 1852 he had built the first rice mill on the West

Coast and had cornered the enormously profitable rice market.

Then his big bright bubble burst. Standing in his office overlooking the sparkling bay one crisp autumn day, he saw a procession of ships, all laden with rice, puff majestically into port. His dreams of a vast business empire fell in confettilike pieces at his feet. At that moment he went quietly mad.

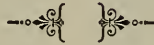
Despite his pretensions, or perhaps because of them, he was the most popular personality of his day. The residents of San Francisco catered to his every whim. They published his decrees. They provided him with uniform, shelter, transportation. On opening night at the theater three front-row seats were reserved for His Highness and his two constant companions, mongrel dogs named Bummer and Lazarus. Bummer and Lazarus accompanied the monarch to syna-

gogue services on Saturdays. Sundays they attended mass at St. Mary's.

It was at St. Mary's that the legend came to a close. One rainy night in January, 1880, with his faithful dogs beside him, he was strolling in front of the old church. Suddenly he sank to the sidewalk. Before help could reach him, he had passed from this empire into the next.

Even in death, he was served by his loyal subjects. More than thirty thousand attended his funeral.

Today, in the Woodlawn Masonic Cemetery in San Francisco, the skeptical visitor will happen upon an idyllic hillside vale tucked peacefully below hills that slope down toward the blue Pacific. There, under a watchful cypress tree, lies the grave of Joshua Norton, the man who thought he was emperor.



Sign Language

OVER a slot machine in a stateline-Idaho cafe: "In case of atomic attack, jump under this machine. It hasn't been hit in years."

In a Chelsea, Massachusetts, junkyard: "All cars in first crash condition."

In a Hartford, Connecticut, barbershop: "Head shampoo: \$1.00. Hair extra."

In a Crawfordsville, Indiana, grocery: "Be like Robinson Crusoe: have most of your shopping done by Friday."

In a Provincetown, Massachusetts, drugstore: "We serve the best cup of coffee in the world—or any other place."

In a Salt Lake City, Utah, restaurant: "What foods these morsels be!"

—JOSEPH C. STACY

A Word Pyramid

By Virginia B. Weddle

(Solution on page 28)

See if you can build a word pyramid from the following definitions:

1. The fourth letter of the alphabet
2. To perform
3. A domesticated animal
4. The title of former magistrates of
Venice and Genoa
5. To avoid
6. A member of Brooklyn League
(singular)

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HAPPY EASTER!

(Continued from page 3)

By this time the girl was only a few feet in front of them. She was walking slowly now, with her pert head turned slightly so that she could see them. She hesitated, then, tilting her little round chin to a snubby angle, stepped sprightly past.

"Happy Easter!" Balzac croaked excitedly.

She stopped abruptly and turned, looking first at the motionless corporal, then at Mr. Putrum, then back to the corporal again.

"Don't look at me. I didn't do it," said Mr. Putrum, shrugging his shoulders, and at the same time pushing the bewildered Balzac under the collar flap.

"Ginny," the corporal said, going toward her, "Ginny—I'm awful glad to see you."

She waited, uncertain; then her

eyes softened and she stepped closer.

"They told me you called," she said quietly. "I thought you might be in the park. I'm glad to see you too, Jerry."

Mr. Putrum slid off the bench, stepped over the short picket fence, from which was hanging a KEEP OFF sign, and darted across the grass.

"Hey!" the corporal yelled as he caught sight of him disappearing behind a tall bush.

"Happy Easter, Corporal!" Mr. Putrum called, waving one hand and still holding the struggling Balzac under his collar with the other.

"Happy Easter!" the corporal answered, grinning.

"Happy Easter!" Balzac croaked angrily, his muffled voice lost in the folds of the collar.

LINK LINES

By the Editor

Many of us are totally blind to much that could give us delight.

From New York University's Hall of Fame the myriad evening lights in the valley below are of appealing beauty. The open colonnades lined with busts of the nation's great are an inspiration. I asked the chancellor's opinion, one day, of the effect of this beauty and historical grandeur upon the lives of the thousands of students on the campus. To my astonishment he replied, "Ninety-nine per cent of them never really see either the sculptures in the colonnades or the beauty below."

In one of the lovely Virginia valleys of the Blue Ridge Mountains, a companion and I stopped one afternoon at a small farmhouse to ask road directions of the owners, who were resting on the front porch. Their rocking chairs faced a particularly magnificent vista of the mountains, and we lingered a moment to enjoy the view.

"How fortunate you are to have all this beauty right at your front door!" my friend exclaimed.

"Is it beautiful?" the woman replied in a surprised tone. "It's just always been there, and I never noticed."

One might expect two fishing companions to see the same things. But when the fishing trip is over, one may remember little more than the leaders he lost, the blisters he

rubbed on his feet, and the number of dead fish he brought back. The other will remember the scarlet flash of a cardinal in a pine tree, the bed of violets bordered by ferns near the brook, the soothing touch of the sun and south wind, the color of the hills and the sky, the sudden flight of a wood duck, the saucy chattering of a squirrel, the tranquillity of cows feeding in a meadow, the fragrance of newly turned earth, the singing of the reel, and all the numberless delights that come to one who sees.

A modern car will take us from here to there with great speed. That is part of the difficulty. It is like running past a newsstand and attempting to see what's in the morning papers.

"What was that beautiful flower?" asks your car companion.

"Didn't see it," you answer as you hurry to overtake the car ahead.

To be blind to the beauty of the out-of-doors is a real tragedy. But many of us are blind to much else that makes life fun—and this is tragic too. The treasures of art, the almost unlimited pleasure afforded by good books, the priceless value of a few close friends who know all about us and like us anyway, the inspiring lift of fine music, the stimulus of good conversation, the challenge of a cause to which we gladly give our efforts and our money, and the resources of a religion that meets our need even in times of crisis—these are the substance of life at its best.

But none of these are government issue. Available to all, they are possessed only by those who "open their eyes" and accept them.

Smokejumper

A C-47 airplane circles over the rugged, forest-covered mountains of western Montana. The cabin door opens and a young man steps out into thin air. He plummets through space until his parachute opens and checks his descent with a sharp jolt.

This young man is not a military parachutist. He's a smokejumper. He's risking his life to protect the 180 million acres of national forest land that Uncle Sam manages for you.

A column of smoke spirals from the mountainside below. Fifteen minutes ago it was spotted by a lookout man who dispatched the plane and the smokejumpers. Un-

less the fire is brought under control soon, it may get out of hand and sweep across thousands of acres. It may ruin enough timber to build five thousand homes—or supply newsprint for a daily newspaper for ten years—or furnish a million crossties for a railroad.

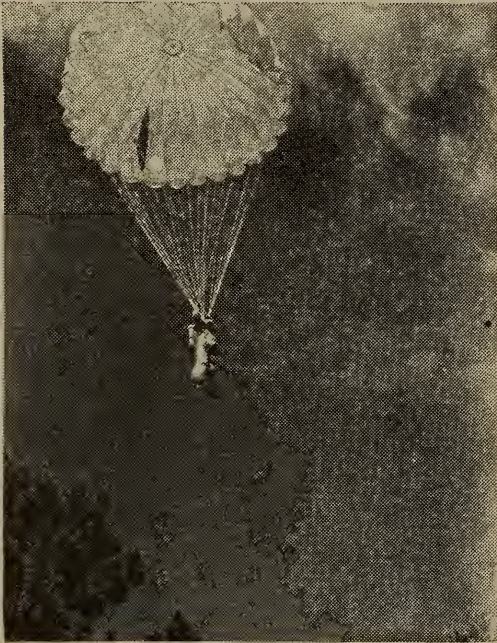
The smokejumper has been toughened by months of stiff training. His head covered with a helmet, his face protected by a wire cage, and with packs strapped on front and back, he looks more like a man from Mars than the boy who may have lived around the corner from you. He's prepared, and he knows what to do as soon as he hits the ground.

More likely than not, though, he won't hit the ground but will land in a tree. But he won't mind. He will simply take out a 100-foot length of rope and lower himself to the ground.

Airplanes and helicopters are being used more and more by the U. S. Forest Service in its fire-fighting work. One year aircraft flew nearly 8,000 flights for the Forest Service in fire-control work. They carried nearly 9,000 men and 1,318,000 pounds of cargo.

Their job was to reach forest fires quickly and put them out before they had become raging infernos. With aircraft, men can now reach in a half hour fires that might require a whole day's travel by foot or horseback.

A forest fire does more than destroy timber. It kills wildlife. It leaves the watershed a barren waste, an easy prey to erosion.



U. S. Forest Service Photo

Smokejumper nearing the ground. The chute is an Irvin 28-foot standard canopy with Derry Slots to provide forward speed and maneuverability.

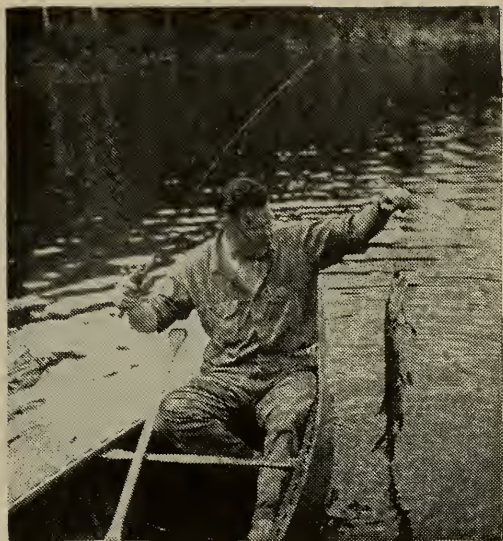
Rain water runs in torrents from burned-over watersheds, causing floods and carrying silt and debris downstream to fill reservoirs and irrigation systems.

Smokejumpers fight forest fires because they love the excitement of their work. Back of the smokejumpers are the forest rangers and the other employees of the Forest Service who have less glamorous jobs but who work daily to protect one of America's major resources—the 152 national forests. They see that timber is cut wisely, that barren areas are reforested, that the grass is grazed moderately. They want you to be sure that America will have forests for all time to come.

Forests mean different things to different people. To the lumberman, forests provide the timber that keeps men employed and brings profits to stockholders. To stockmen, forests offer summer grazing for sheep and cattle. To the industrialist, they furnish water to turn hydroelectric turbines. To farmers, they mean irrigation water to use on crops during the hot summer. To millions of city dwellers, forests are the source of one of the most essential things in life—drinking water.

To John Doakes, though, the national forests are ideal places for camping and picnicking, for fishing and hunting, for hiking and canoeing. These forests are the ordinary man's vacation land, where he can get a breath of fresh air and thrill again to the beauty of mountain, sun, and sky.

Last year Americans made twenty-six million visits to national forests. This summer even more



U. S. Forest Service Photo

Fisherman in a canoe brings in a northern pike which he has just caught in a lake in Superior National Forest, Minnesota.

people are expected to get acquainted with these sylvan paradises.

Scattered from Maine to California are more than 4,500 camping and picnicking areas in national forests. Most of these areas, within an easy day's drive from everyone's home, have fireplaces, picnic tables, benches, and sanitary facilities. You can go loll in the sun, climb mountains, cast for trout, or watch a sunset.

You have perfect freedom in the national forests—they belong to all Americans—so long as you observe certain common-sense rules. You must be careful with burning tobacco and campfires. Nine out of ten forest fires are still caused by human carelessness. Somebody tosses a lighted cigarette into dry leaves, or somebody forgets to douse his campfire. From



U. S. Forest Service Photo

Redfish Lake Forest camp group
around the campfire

such tiny sparks, millions of trees have become charred specters.

The people who work for the U. S. Forest Service, from Chief Forester Lyle F. Watts to the fire guard in some remote mountain area, administer the forests "for the greatest good of the greatest number in the long run."

The United States has plenty of forest land to grow all the timber we need, if it is properly managed. Including land in private ownership, we have 624 million acres in forests and woodlands. One out of every three acres in this country is forest land.

But the nation is cutting timber faster than it is growing it. Every year we are cutting down three saw-timber trees for every two that are being grown. In some areas, where loggers have clear-cut the land, inferior types of trees have sprung up. Other areas are so barren that they must be replanted if they are ever to become productive again.

That's why state and federal agencies are co-operating in fire prevention, in reforestation, and in educational work. After all, it's your forest. What happens to it will affect not only your own welfare but the welfare of many generations to come.

Marine Founds College

TECHNICAL Sergeant Dewey W. Jackson, a baker stationed at Camp Pendleton, was affixing his signature to a stack of college diplomas recently when a few of his friends became curious. Questioned about his status in the college, the marine revealed this unusual tale.

While stationed at Honolulu in 1948, Jackson heard of several citizens trying to raise funds to begin a Christian college in the Islands. The sergeant, limited to a high school education, felt the need for such an institution and promptly donated his life savings. With the contributions of others, including Dr. and Mrs. L. M. Barrett, who originated the project, the college opened the following year. Jackson Christian College is now a fully accredited liberal arts school with an average enrollment of four hundred students.

The philanthropic marine is still active in the affairs of the college. As secretary of the Board of Trustees, he signs all diplomas, which are forwarded from Honolulu for his signature.

Sergeant Jackson enlisted in 1938 and served with the Fourth Marine Division in the Marshall Islands and Iwo Jima during World War II.

—*The Leatherneck Magazine*

What the Well-dressed Battle WAC Wore in the 1860's

By Eleanor Coburn

THE GLAMOROUS LADY here pictured was Mrs. Kady Brownell, of Providence, Rhode Island, who in the so-called "Late Unpleasantness"—alias the "War for the Union"—won great distinction for herself and for her sex on the Plains of Manassas and at the Battle of Newbern.

Daughter of a British soldier stationed somewhere on the coast of Africa, she quite evidently grew up well conditioned from earliest childhood to the rigors of camp life.

It was not surprising perhaps that, having emigrated to America, and having ultimately married a young Providence mechanic who had just enlisted in the First Rhode Island Infantry, she should volunteer as a color-bearer and elect to march at her husband's side through whatever vicissitudes of battle might develop for him.

But even so, as her biographer so quaintly states, she was by no means content to be just a color-bearer, or water carrier, or merely an "ornamental appendage and graceful figure on parade," but was firmly resolved to wage actually effective warfare against the enemy, with which worthy purpose in mind she applied herself immediately and assiduously to learn all the arts and accomplishments of the soldier, with the gratifying result that after a due course of daily



Kady Brownell in army costume

target practice with the troops she became easily "the most accurate marksman in the regiment."

Nor when the regiment moved on and on did she seek any special indulgences on account of her sex, but marched valiantly in line beside her husband, wearing her sword and carrying her rifle and the colors.

Intrepidly, by all accounts, she braved the terrors of shot and shell, suffered the ghastly sights of bloodshed and carnage, stood more

(Continued on page 25)

You're Dead Wrong About Isolationists

By Pearl P. Puckett

J'ever see an isolationist throw his weight around and make a big booming noise like savages beating on a skin drum?

J'ever see an isolationist strut around looking for trouble, or slash the belly of every man, woman, or child who gets within slashing distance?

J'ever see an isolationist lay his ear to the ground to detect approaching dangers of storms and winds and predatory animals in order to prepare himself for the fight?

J'ever see an isolationist lay forty eggs a year that sell for \$35.00 a piece?

J'ever see an isolationist worth \$750.00 on the hoof and untrained?

J'ever see an isolationist with a dozen wives?

Neither have I. And I'm inclined to believe that every time some wise bird compares an isolationist to an ostrich, he's the guy who has been burying his head in the sand.

In the first place, ostriches never bury their heads in the sand. Their skull bones are entirely too fragile for that. They have keen ears and eyes and seldom miss a bet—several minutes before it can be seen by the human eye they can detect an airplane simply by cocking an ear upward. They can detect dangers of many kinds simply by putting an ear to the ground.

In the second place, ostriches are

not monogamous, as many believe, and they are definitely warlike. The big fellows are constantly challenging people they do not like, as well as other birds and animals. They fight by spreading their huge wings wide and swaying from side to side like a fighter doing some expert footwork. And when you consider that many of these birds are eight feet tall, weigh more than four hundred pounds, have legs like huge hams, with a razor-sharp big toenail that is used to slash the bellies of human beings, animals, and other birds, you will understand why it is incorrect to compare them to an isolationist.

Come along with me to the famous Jim Casper Ostrich Farm located on U. S. Highway 1, about two miles north of Saint Augustine, Florida. You'll see the only racing ostriches in the world and the only ostrich race track.

This unique farm is an offshoot of a fascinating hobby. Briefly, Jim Casper has been buying and selling hides and skins ever since he has been "knee high to a grasshopper." Seven years ago he became interested in the possibilities of handling ostrich skins and plumes. Jim bought two ostriches, then bought four more because they really looked "pretty fancy" when he got them home. But soon Jim discovered that raising ostriches was a technical job, as they became sick. Fortunately for Jim,

one of his best friends was none other than F. W. Anderson, a retired ostrich trainer and herpetologist. Anderson had been associated with ostriches since 1902 and today has the best background in connection with these giant birds of any living person.

Jim shipped his birds to Anderson, who was then living at Lantana, Florida. When he called for them a few weeks later, Anderson had nursed them back to health.

"You've got to exercise ostriches if you want good skins and plumes," Anderson told him. "Don't keep them cooped up."

"I was just wondering," Jim said, "if it would be possible to hitch them to small sulkies and drive them."

"Well, I hitched them to surreys years ago and drove them."

That was all the inducement necessary to bring Anderson out of retirement. He loved the giant birds—still had in his blood the flair for driving ostrich-pulled surreys.

Anderson packed up his duds and returned home with Jim and the ostriches.

Jim built a one-eighth-mile ostrich-schooling race track, while Anderson hand-tooled several sets of harnesses and a sulky, which is only a few pounds lighter than a surrey.

The birds were originally tried out for training by putting the harness over them, then walking them around the track with a man holding the check reins on each side. This was a long-drawn-out process and not at all satisfactory. The birds acted up plenty when first attempts were made to hitch them

to sulkies. Some simply ran away, while the others squatted and refused to do anything.

Then Casper dreamed up a lulu of a training program. He had noticed that the birds in near-by pens and corrals watched with great interest the birds being driven to sulkies. He decided to put a trainee bird in the track infield. Possibly the bird would learn more by simply watching. This proved a happy thought. A month of watching and the trainees allowed themselves to be harnessed and driven to the sulky. This is still the training procedure.

Not all ostriches make good racing birds. While they are all completely unpredictable, natural curiosity gets the better of some and they stop, swerve, or just run away if something unusual attracts their attention.

A well-trained ostrich can beat the fastest horse. Several ostriches at the farm have a twenty-foot stride. The racers seem to thrive on racing. They eat more, grow better, and keep happier. It is not



Racing ostriches. Note the bird in the infield. This young trainee watches the racers go by a few times; then he is ready to be hitched to the sulky.

at all uncommon to see a racer over eight feet tall. Many weigh between 400 and 500 pounds. All have drumsticks larger than a large ham. Their trim bodies and terrific leg power account for the speed they attain. The sulky is just a few pounds lighter than the sulky used for trotting and pacing horses. It is almost the same in appearance. The average weight of drivers is 150 pounds. Weight does not seem to hinder the speed of these birds when they really want to roll. They just take off as though jet-propelled.

Another thing, an ostrich will not be whipped but must be handled with firmness and infinite kindness. You can do more with an ostrich by talking to him than by punishing him, though you must keep on the alert when around him. Even so, Anderson recently had his shirt slashed clear across the front and felt very fortunate that it was not his belly.

So far, Casper has refused to sell any of his racing stock. He does, however, sell untrained birds two years old for from \$600.00 to \$750.00. Ostriches are very diffi-

cult to raise up to the age of six months. Colds, pneumonia, indigestion, and rickets all attack them.

Ostriches lay an average of only forty eggs per year. Many are not fertile. The eggs average three-and-one-half pounds in weight. They are from six to seven inches in length and about four inches in diameter. They are prized by gourmets. The eggs sell for \$35.00 per egg, or \$120.00 per dozen.

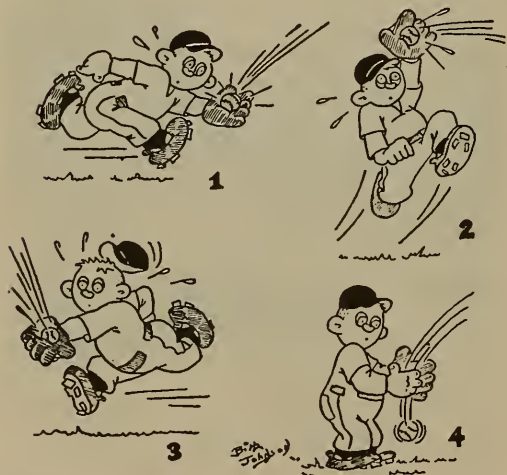
Ostriches are not monogamous. Mr. Casper has several wives for every cock, and they get along very well.

Strangely enough, ostrich eggs, python eggs, and peafowl eggs are all hatched in the same incubator. It requires forty-two days to hatch ostrich eggs.

And so—brother, don't make the glaring error of comparing an isolationist to an ostrich. The ostrich is the struttinest, cockiest, gamest, fightinest thing that ever walked on two legs. Really the only difference between the ostrich and Uncle Sam's famous fighting men is the fact that the ostrich steals everything that glitters regardless of size and swallows it.

Only recently, one of Mr. Casper's racers swallowed not only a photographer's flash bulb and part of his camera but his watch as well. The ostrich was immediately put in solitary confinement—and two days later the articles were returned to the jittery photographer.

Maybe we oughta rush a bill through Congress to permit Jim Casper's ostriches seats at the United Nations Assembly to swallow the glittering galaxy of savants from behind the equally glittering Iron Curtain.



The Greatest Book

BY HAROLD GARNET BLACK

THE GREATEST BOOK in the world is, by common consent, the Bible. Yet it is not one book but, rather, a library of many books. The King James Version, and most of the other versions, contain sixty-six books in all—thirty-nine in the Old Testament and twenty-seven in the New.

The Bible's enormous social and political influence upon the course of world events, and of civilization as we know it today, is attested by all competent historians. Its teachings have spread to the remotest corners of every continent and affected human behavior in innumerable ways.

The plain fact is that the basic principles of modern democracy stem from the teachings of the Old and New Testaments. The seeds of the love of freedom are seen germinating in that early struggle of the ancient Hebrews against the tyranny and oppression of their Egyptian masters. No one has escaped the Bible's influence, whether statesman, peasant, industrialist, mechanic, educator, artisan, or man in the street. Everywhere the effect has been to raise the standard and quality of life.

In addition to its acknowledged social and political impact, the Bible's cultural effect upon widely varied areas of human life is also great beyond measure, and easily apparent to all who have eyes to see. Architects, painters, sculptors, musicians, poets, and novelists—all have drawn inspiration from its ancient but still glowing pages.

All the great cathedrals of the world owe their existence, of course, to the central figure in the New Testament. Churches, basilicas, chapels, and other ecclesiastical structures would never have been built had there been no Bible. Think what a loss the race would suffer, architecturally speaking, were there no St. Paul's in London, no Notre Dame in Paris, no St. Peter's in Rome, and no St. Mark's in Venice. Missing, also, would be those massive cathedrals in Milan, Chartres, Canterbury, Lichfield, Dublin, Montreal, New York, Washington, and Mexico City, in addition to countless churches scattered everywhere around the globe.

If one were to remove from our great museums all the paintings that have a biblical origin, the whole world would suffer immeasurable loss. There would be no Da Vinci's "The Last Supper" in the Refectory in Milan, no Rubens' "Descent from the Cross" in Antwerp, no Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto" in the Dresden gallery, no Tintoretto's "Marriage at Cana" in Venice, no Michelangelo's "The Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel, no Botticelli's "Adoration of the Magi" or Perugino's "Crucifixion" in Florence, and no Leighton's "Elijah in the Wilderness" in the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool. Such loss would be irreparable.

Again, how much poorer the human race would be if Michelangelo had never chiseled his renowned "David," that colossal statue carved

from a huge block of marble that another sculptor had begun work on forty years before; likewise if he had never executed what is perhaps the most famous example of the sculptor's art, his "Moses," that impressive figure now found in the Italian capital, the very "im-petronation"—if I may be allowed to coin a word—of majestic indignation. Had there been no Bible, Auguste Rodin's statue "John the Baptist" in the Luxembourg would never have come into being, nor his "Eve," nor the American Joseph Mosier's most ambitious work, "The Prodigal Son." Nor would there be such a vast array of biblical characters and sculptured saints as now adorn, for example, the cathedrals in Venice, Milan, Rheims, Amiens, Exeter, and New York.

Musical literature is particularly rich in biblical material. Beethoven, Brahms, and Saint-Saëns wrote some of their best-known compositions on scriptural subjects. Bach is remembered chiefly because of his religious works, such as his *B Minor Mass* and *The Passion According to St. Matthew*. Mendelssohn composed two oratorios based on St. Paul and Elijah. "But the Lord Is Mindful," "O Rest in the Lord," "If with All Your Hearts," and "O for the Wings of a Dove" are among the loveliest of his songs, songs that men will never willingly let die. Handel's "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth," "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," and his glorious "Hallelujah Chorus" are among the most cherished compositions in the whole gamut of musical writing.

It is quite astonishing how many

familiar phrases, now integral parts of our daily speech, have biblical sources. "A still small voice," for instance, is a phrase taken from the account of the Old Testament prophet Elijah, when he was forced to flee for his life from the wicked king Ahab. "What . . . God hath joined together" are words used in a discussion between the Pharisees and Jesus over the question of divorce, the latter adding the significant admonition, "let not man put asunder." "Weighed in the balances" refers to Daniel's interpretation of the writing seen on the palace wall of Belshazzar, king of the Chaldeans, and foretelling the downfall of his kingdom. "A good Samaritan" is reminiscent of Jesus' famous parable given in answer to the question "Who is my neighbor?" put to him by a certain lawyer who was trying to justify his own behavior.

Dozens of other scriptural phrases have been used so much through the years that they are now commonplaces in our language. In fact, we rarely think of their origin. Among the best known are these: "The salt of the earth," "the windows of heaven," "signs of the times," "fallen from grace," "clear as crystal," "decently and in order," "fleshpots of Egypt," "vanity of vanities," "whited sepulchres," "hip and thigh," "children of light," "burden and heat of the day," "gathered to his fathers," "a crown of life," and "wings of the morning."

Some phrases and sayings that have a scriptural flavor are not found, however, in the Bible. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is a well-known quotation

that many think comes from the book of Proverbs, but its source is Laurence Sterne's eighteenth-century volume called *A Sentimental Journey*. "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined" likewise sounds like a proverb of Solomon, but it comes from Alexander Pope's *Moral Essays*. Similarly, the phrase "grapes of wrath," given wide currency by John Steinbeck's novel with that title, is not of biblical origin but is to be found in Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The King James Version has furnished titles for many modern novels. Four of Basil King's volumes, for example, bear names that recall biblical passages: *The Break of Day*, *Abraham's Bosom*, *Let No Man Put Asunder*, and *The Street Called Straight*. *A Far Country* and *The Inside of the Cup*, by the American author Winston Churchill, do likewise. So also do books like Edna Ferber's *Peculiar Treasure*, Arnold Bennett's *These Twain*, Mary Johnston's *Prisoners of Hope*, Woodrow Wilson's *When a Man Comes to Himself*, Pearl Buck's *A House Divided*, William Allen White's *A Certain Rich Man*, A. J. Cronin's *The Keys of the Kingdom*, and Lowell Thomas' *Out of This World*.

Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* has an underlying Christian theme. Browning's poem "Saul" comes straight out of the English Bible; so also does Stephen Phillips' play *Herod: A Tragedy*. Dozens of fiction writers have got their inspiration from the same source: hence Dickens' immortal *A Christmas Carol*, Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur*,

Thomas Mann's three novels about Joseph, Gladys Schmitt's *David the King*, Sholem Asch's *The Apostle*, Charles M. Sheldon's *In His Steps*, Henry van Dyke's *The Story of the Other Wise Man*, and Lloyd Douglas' *The Robe*.

Students of English literature will readily recall that the story of man's fall as described by the writer of Genesis was the basis of the blind Milton's poetical masterpiece *Paradise Lost*, one of the world's greatest epics. His *Samson Agonistes*, which is largely autobiographical, follows the Old Testament tragic story of Samson and Delilah. John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, composed in Bedford jail and published in 1678, is our finest allegory and has its source in Holy Writ. The poet Dryden is similarly indebted; for had there been no Bible, he could not have written his *Absalom and Achitophel*, a clever satire hurled into the explosive political situation in England and directed against the unscrupulous Earl of Shaftesbury. Had there been no Bible, Jonathan Swift could not have used his *Gulliver's Travels* and *A Tale of a Tub* to satirize certain statesmen and churchmen; nor could Oliver Goldsmith have written *The Vicar of Wakefield* nor Daniel Defoe his ironical *Shortest Way with Dissenters*. Edwin Markham's stirring poem "The Man with the Hoe," which made the author famous overnight, sprang straight out of a verse in the first chapter of Genesis.

The simple fact is that the great masters of English expression owe an immense debt to the English Bible.

Declared John Ruskin: "I owe not only a knowledge of the book, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature," to the patient, accurate, and resolute discipline involved in reading it.

The late William Lyon Phelps of Yale once wrote: "I thoroughly believe in a university education for both men and women; but I believe a knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without the Bible."

Regarding one's choice of books, Bliss Perry, distinguished Harvard professor, said: "I should certainly begin with the most fascinating book, the Bible."

Lord Macaulay opined that "a person who professes to be a critic in the delicacies of the English language ought to have the Bible at his fingers' ends."

Carlyle, Lamb, Burns, Scott, Burke, Stevenson, Hardy, and Browning in England—Emerson, Longfellow, Lincoln, and Lowell in America—are representative of that host of authors who have made effective use of their borrowings from the Scriptures.

Recognition of literary allusions will enhance the reader's interest in a book and help to make clear the author's purpose. O. Henry's "The Gift of the Magi," for example, is better appreciated if the reader knows that the magi were the "wise men" from the East who brought gifts—gold and frankincense and myrrh—to the Christ child in the Bethlehem manger. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's story "Goliath" loses all its point and fails in its surprise ending unless

the reader knows the Old Testament story of David and how he pitted himself against the giant Goliath of Gath, champion of the Philistines, in that memorable and hazardous contest in the valley of Elah, as described in the first book of Samuel. Some books abound in scriptural allusions. In Herman Melville's novels, for example, are found six hundred and fifty references to the Old Testament alone. Browning's longest poem contains about five hundred.

It is needless to speak of the countless well-loved religious hymns inspired by the Bible. One should not overlook, however, that long list of Negro spirituals—simple, naïve, repetitive folksongs that sprang up in America and reveal in the heart of the Negro an abiding and childlike faith in God—songs like "Steal Away," "All God's Chillun," "Deep River," and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

All that has been said so far takes no account of the enormous number of volumes that scholars have written upon themes dealing with biblical events, characters, and language. Every year brings its quota of new material—biographical, historical, interpretational, doctrinal, theological, archaeological. It is significant that more volumes have been written about Jesus than about any other person in world history—Jesus who, according to Communist doctrine, "never lived"!

Henry van Dyke's tribute to the extraordinary influence of the Bible is well worth quoting. In language strongly tinged with scriptural phraseology, he makes clear the extent and vividness of its hu-

man appeal and shows how men's lives are closely related to cosmic laws and eternal values; in short, he explains what makes the Bible great:

Born in the East and clothed in Oriental form and imagery, the Bible walks the ways of all the world with familiar feet and enters land after land to find its own everywhere. It has learned to speak in hundreds of languages to the heart of man. It comes into the palace to tell the monarch that he is a servant of the Most High, and into the cottage to assure the peasant that he is a son of God. Children listen to its stories

with wonder and delight, and wise men ponder them as parables of life. It has a word of peace for the time of peril, a word of comfort for the day of calamity, a word of light for the hour of darkness. . . . No man is poor or desolate who has this treasure for his own. When the landscape darkens and the trembling pilgrim comes to the Valley named of the Shadow, he is not afraid to enter: he takes the rod and staff of Scripture in his hand; he says to friend and comrade, "Good-by; we shall meet again"; and comforted by that support, he goes toward the lonely pass as one who walks through darkness into light.

What the Well-dressed Battle WAC Wore in the 1860's

(Continued from page 17)

than once by her colors to rally companions that might otherwise have stampeded into utter confusion and rout, or, if ordered intermittently to the rear, "devoted herself to the equally sacred duty of caring for the wounded."

Engrossed as she was, however, in waging the various battles of the Union, she was not averse, it seemed, to fighting any such personal battles of her own as circumstances might demand. This was particularly evident on one dramatic occasion when, after she struggled to drag a badly wounded and heavily bleeding rebel engineer out of a chilly mud puddle, and bedded him down on dry land with one blanket under him, another over him, and a cartridge box for a pillow, he roused briefly to shake

his fist at her and scream out "a volley of horrible and obscene oaths" to the effect that if he ever got to his feet again, he would "blow the head off her." Whereupon, snatching up her musket or her saber or "what have you," she prepared to end all further observations he might make on any subject whatsoever. But a wounded Union soldier in a neighboring puddle intervened by reminding her that it wasn't "cricket" to kill a wounded enemy "no matter what he said." So ultimately, as her biographer reports, her sweet womanliness triumphed, and the ingrate's life was spared.

So all hail to you, Kady! No matter how funny you looked, you certainly "had the guts"!

Fine, Sir, Perfectly Fine!

By Richard S. Smith

THERE ARE TIMES in the army when a soldier really knows from one minute to the next exactly what is going to happen to him. If I try real hard, I think I can name a few. At five o'clock in the morning a soldier can be pretty certain that he is going to get out of bed. Immediately after that he knows that, come what may, he is going to stand out there in the cold, gray light of dawn while someone counts his red nose to make sure he is there. Then he can be reasonably sure that he will get something to eat three times during the day. For the life of me I can't think of any more.

Back in 1944 when I was one of Uncle Sam's khaki-clad young men, I went through one of the most uncertain uncertainties in my entire career as a member of the human race.

It all began during my basic training when I became conscious of the fact that officers, in their natty pinks and greens, cut a much more graceful figure than I did in my ill-fitting olive drab. They made more money, too. Naturally, I set my sights on being a member of the brassy fold. So—I put in an application for Officer's Candidate School. Then the fun began.

Everything ran rather smoothly until the day came for my physical examination, at which time someone told me that in order to make

the grade for the infantry school, a candidate was required to have 20/100 vision at least. If I had known this at the beginning, I could have saved everyone a lot of trouble, because when the eyes were passed out I must have been scrubbing the basement floor. Anything more than twenty feet from me might as well not be around.

I'd gone this far with the idea, however, so I decided to try to go all the way. I pulled a fast one. A shady deal. I got a copy of the eye chart and memorized it. When the time came for my eye examination, I could rattle it off backwards and forwards, and with no hesitation I could tell which was the sixteenth letter from the beginning or which was the nineteenth letter from the end. Or any other letter you wanted from either end. I knew it cold. Naturally I passed.

Off I went in a blaze of glory to Fort Benning, Georgia. But from then on things didn't go so well. On the rifle range I not only couldn't hit the bull's-eye two out of three; I couldn't hit the target at all. I wasn't even sure where the target was! I just blasted away in the general direction in which everyone else was blasting and trusted to luck. My luck wasn't so good.

Finally a large, unsympathetic corporal decided there was something wrong with my eyes. How he came to such a fantastic conclusion

I'll never know. At any rate, he hustled me off to the eye doctor without giving me any time to study the charts. When the doc faced me in the direction of the letters on the wall, I drew a complete blank. What I saw, anyway, was a complete blank. After much hemming and hawing and red tape I found myself on the train again, bound for the camp I had started from. Several thousand channels later I was brought before the officer who had put the okay on my application in the first place.

"Smith," he said. "How's come you have 20/20 vision here, and at Fort Benning they haven't got a number big enough to put after that first 20?"

My answer was simply, "Sir, I don't know."

"Well," he said. "Somebody's all fouled up, and according to our records there's nothing wrong with your eyesight, so I tell you what I'm going to do. I'm sending you to another camp about two hundred miles from here, and you're going to have another eye examination there. That will make it two out of three one way or the other, and if you pass this test, we're going to send you back to Fort Benning and, by gad, they won't be able to send you here again even if you can't find your way out of a room!"

They gave me enough money to buy a round-trip ticket, and I was off again. Instead of buying a train ticket, however, I pocketed the money and hit the open road. This proved to be my undoing, because hitch-hiking from an army camp, although done by most of its inhabitants, is a method of travel

that's mighty slow. When I arrived at the hospital, it was well after six o'clock and everyone was ready to go home.

"We can't do anything for you tonight," said the medical orderly. "It's too late and we have to eat once in a while, you know. And we can't put you up for the night in any of the barracks because they're all full. The only thing we can do is admit you as a patient and take care of this thing in the morning."

He filled out the necessary forms, took my clothes away from me, gave me a pair of pajamas and a robe, and sent me off to the eye ward. There I was assigned to a bed, was informed by the nurse that my case wasn't serious enough to eat in the hospital, and was told where I could go for my chow. I got to know my way around pretty well, because three weeks later I was still there. Same bed. Same ward. Same nurse. Same thing wrong with me. Nothing!

Most of the men in the ward were cataract cases, and they all wore patches over one eye or both eyes. I was the only one there without a patch. The guy on my right had a patch over both eyes. I felt like borrowing one of his patches so at least I'd feel like one of the boys.

Every morning an officer with eagles on his epaulets would make his morning rounds. He'd lift up these patches and peer underneath at the eye. Then he'd mumble, "Fine, fine. Progress very rapid." When he arrived at my spot on the ward floor, there was no patch to lift, so he lifted both his eyebrows and contented himself with raising my upper eyelids. "Fine, fine," he

would say. "Progress very rapid."

"But, sir," I would start to say. "You should be out of here in no time," he'd interrupt me. "Your progress is fine, fine."

In spite of all my efforts to explain that there was nothing wrong with me in the first place, he'd pass me by and continue down the line to lift some more patches.

When the end of the third week rolled around, I was beginning to think that undoubtedly I would still be in the eye ward when it came time for me to draw my old-age pension. And in the meantime I was starting to enjoy the idea that while my classmates in Officer's Candidate School were crawling through the sloppy mud of an infiltration course, I was lounging luxuriously in a comfortable hospital ward with nothing more than a routine inspection every morning to mar my leisure hours.

On the final day of the third week the good colonel stopped by my bed, performed his morning ritual of exploring my eyeballs, and then said: "I think we can have your release papers ready in the morning, Smith. Your eye has healed very nicely, and I'm sure it will never trouble you again."

I had long since given up the idea of trying to tell him why I was there, so I simply said, "Yes, sir."

Getting out was just as easy as getting in except that it took longer. Five minutes to get in, three weeks to get out, and I was off again on the open road. I had accomplished a great deal. I had seen two hundred miles of California countryside.

Back at home base they had me marked AWOL, and of course I was immediately assigned to sixty days of KP. In between potatoes I visited my commanding officer as often as I could. He refused to believe my story until days later when he received confirmation from the ward. Confronted with this, he took me off KP and sent for me again.

"I'm sorry all this happened," he said. "The army can sure get fouled up at times. I'll tell you what I'm going to do—"

"Excuse me, sir," I interrupted him. "But if it's all the same to you, I've decided I don't want to be an officer after all."

Solution to Word Pyramid

(page 12)

D
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D O G E
D O D G E
D O D G E R

Risé Stevens' husband, Walter Surovy, tells this story. When they were wed here several years ago, he was a non-English-speaking Hungarian actor. They told him to say "I do" to everything. When the marriage officer said, "Is there anybody present who knows any reason why these parties should not be married?" he boomed out his only English expression, "I do!"

—EARL WILSON, Post-Hall Syndicate



I WAS ON MY WAY to Baltimore, so, actually, Cooperswithe was eighty-five miles out of my way. But I knew that I had to go there someday, even if it had been ten thousand. And I was glad I came the minute my car touched the outskirts of the town. Although I had never been there before, it looked exactly as I knew it would.

Not only was it quiet; there was something hushed about it, something deep and poignant; and while it gave you a feeling close to reverence, there was also something cozy and friendly that radiated from it. It had character—just like John Ansley.

That's why I'd come, of course. Because of John Ansley. And Mary Ann Ansley. I suppose, actually, when you got down to it, it was really mostly Mary Ann. After all, a sniper's bullet had got John Ansley. Quite some time ago.

I could see John Ansley now, like his town, quiet and apart, but somehow very nice. Not sociable, not in the narrow sense anyway, too reserved for that, too lost in thought, someone you could never really get to know. Only I did, and well, even though I don't suppose I ever spoke a half dozen

words to him. It was through his letters, of course, his letters to Mary Ann.

It was a very dull life being a censor in a military outfit, but, I suppose, if they find out you've been a newspaperman, the job is inevitable. Just about the only compensating features were those letters of John Ansley's. Some I read over three or four times, some maybe even a half dozen.

I don't claim to be a literary expert. Me, I'm just a hack journalist and I know it. But I also know something fine when I see it. There was nothing mushy or cute or histrionic about those letters; they were written with restraint and were not overlong—our outfit was generally busy being in the thick of things—but I have never read any more movingly beautiful love letters in all my life, not even in the biographical accounts of celebrated literary figures or in the imagined outpourings of fiction.

They were more than just love letters—though perhaps that is why they were so much that—more than just the tender expression of a man for his wife. With a sincerity and depth that gave them the shining clarity and eternal fixity of a

star set far out by itself in the sky, they breathed meaning and worthwhileness into a world that had gone bloody and mad. When I wallowed in self-pity, discontent, and bitterness—something you were bound to do every now and then out there—his letters always snapped me out of it.

"We must never regret having lived bravely," he wrote Mary Ann. I suppose I remember this line especially because it was the next day that he was killed out on a scouting patrol.

How would Mary Ann look? Actually I had no idea, of course, and yet, somehow, I thought I knew too. She'd be tall and dark-haired and graceful, and there'd be a sweetness and understanding about her that would make her eyes soft and fill them with the bottomless depths of eternity. I suppose, to tell the truth, I was half in love with her. It would have been very hard not to have been, after reading all those hauntingly

tender letters John Ansley had written her.

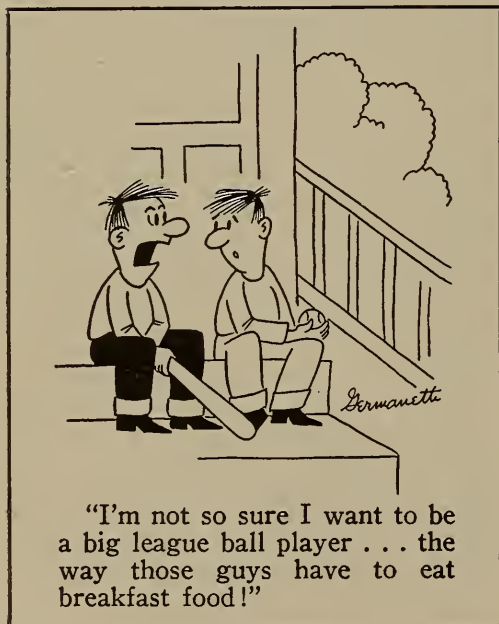
But what would I say to her? I didn't know her. After all, it had been a rather long time now since those front-line days—and I never had known John. Only his letters.

Oh, sure, I'd seen him around. We had a fairly large outfit, but you're bound to run into all the men sooner or later. I remember what a shock it was when I first realized who he was. He was such a skinny, wry, downright homely guy. There was something so very lonely about him, almost unspeakably so. On leave, even in towns that still had a good quota of women and whiskey, he practically never left the confines of his bailiwick.

By chance I happened to come into his tent one evening when he was writing his letter, and his eyes shone and sparkled as he moved his pen across the paper, so absorbed that he never noticed me. Yet somehow there seemed to be something touchingly lonely about him, even though his letters were always warm and sure and stirringly eloquent in their simplicity and depth of feeling. I knew he must be writing to Mary Ann because he never wrote to anyone else.

I would have given anything to see one of Mary Ann's letters to him, but of course we had nothing to do with the incoming mail. But now—in a matter of minutes—I was going to see her in person!

It seemed to me that I realized I had come upon Haversham Drive even before I saw the street sign. There was something more darkly green, more broodingly



beautiful, more quietly intense about it than about the other streets—an almost spiritual quality that set it apart.

I parked my car. Haversham Drive seemed to have been living in my heart for a long, long time, and I wanted to walk underneath the leafy, outstretched limbs of its trees, so full of meaning and noble mystery, and drink it all in slowly.

The homes along the street were immaculate, well-kept, set in crisp, glittering lawns. But of course the house I was looking for was the one bearing the numerals 1008, the address I had seen written so many times in the clear, forthright handwriting of John Ansley.

I felt the excitement mounting inside me with every stride; and when I actually stepped into the 1000 block, it became almost unbearable. At long last to see her,

close up—this woman who had so inspired this ugly, dried-up GI to such lofty emotion and high ideals!

I still did not know what I would say to her. Perhaps I would just tip my hat and say, "Sorry, I must have the wrong address." But I had to see her.

My breath almost stopped as I passed the house with 1000 on it, then 1002, 1004, and finally 1006.

Then I stopped dead in my tracks. I don't know how long I stood there without moving—two minutes, four minutes, maybe ten. My throat felt strange and dry. A feeling came over me that I hadn't known since I was eight or nine, a feeling almost as if I wanted to cry. . . . There were no more houses on the block. Number 1008—and Mary Ann—was an empty lot.

Great Possessions

"Sell that thou hast, and give unto the poor ;
And come, and follow Me!" the Master said.
How much He loved this youth, so poised and sure,
The slender grace, the proudly lifted head.
But as His eyes searched those of the young man,
They dropped beneath the Master's gaze ; for he
Had great possessions : wealth of caravan,
Herd, flocks and fields, and ships upon the sea.
The precious bales of spice and wool . . . the tall
Proud ships . . . herds, flocks . . . companions, young and gay—
Parents . . . and home ; how could he leave them all ?
Watching him sorrowfully turn away—
I often wonder—did the Master's pitying eyes
Remember great possessions, too . . . beyond the skies ?

—JESSIE WILMORE MURTON in *The War Cry*

UFP News

A TENTATIVE DRAFT of *A Manual of Policy and Organization for United Fellowship of Protestants* has been published and distributed to the Protestant chaplains of all branches of the service. Its four chapter headings are "Objectives of UFP," "Organization of Groups," "The Program," and "The Part of the Home Church." Those interested in forming UFP groups should have copies of the manual. It can be secured without cost by writing to United Fellowship of Protestants, 122 Maryland Avenue, NE., Washington 2, D.C.

A manual entitled *Discuss and Be Educated*, which will give timely tips on how to conduct a discussion, is being prepared. It should be available by the time this issue of THE LINK comes off the press.

Corporal Harold L. Patton of the 18th Infantry Regiment in

Aschaffenburg, Germany, writes that the youth group of which he is a member is becoming a unit of United Fellowship of Protestants. Many UFP units have been organized in Europe and in the Far East.

A recent news release from Headquarters European Command, U. S. Army, describes a religious education program which, like UFP, will operate under the responsibility of chaplains.

The main phase of the program is the establishment of a uniform curriculum for Protestant Sunday schools for all age groups throughout the European Command. The uniform curriculum will permit children of families moving from one post to another to continue their religious studies without interruption.

Chaplain Morris C. McEl-downey and Miss Mabel Parsons will have responsibility for the program.



THE Early Church was blessed with some great preachers. But the fact that Christianity spread over that hard Roman world like a forest fire was due, not so much to great preachers, as to the personal testimony of ordinary men and women who went out to tell their friends the amazing difference that knowing Jesus Christ had made in their own lives. To this day it is true that one of the most effective ways of winning men and women to Christ is through personal testimony.

—CLOVIS G. CHAPPELL, *When the Church Was Young* (Abingdon-Cokesbury)

UFP Study Outlines

The World Conqueror

Matthew 21:1-11

April 6

By Larry Fitzgerald

Aims for This Program

1. To get a bird's-eye view of the last week of Jesus' life and to gain an appreciation of the greatness of this week.

2. To discover the importance of humility as a Christian virtue.

3. To realize the place of discipline and sacrifice in the Christian life.

Background Material

The eight days from Palm Sunday through Easter are perhaps the most significant days in the church year. Sometimes we call them the last week of Jesus' life, or Passion Week.

First let us think of Palm Sunday, the Day of Applause.

On that day Jesus came as a world conqueror riding into Jerusalem; but a strange world conqueror he was indeed, for he came riding upon an ass. How different from the Caesars of Rome! How different, for example, from Pompey the Great. Ninety-one years before Jesus, Pompey made a triumphal entry into Jerusalem upon a horse. Banners were flying then. And for two days the people were forced to celebrate this king who had conquered twenty-one other kings; captured one thousand strongholds, nine hundred cities, eight hundred ships; and subjugated twelve million people! How

different from Napoleon! How different from Hitler! How different from the military conquerors of today!

Surely we ask ourselves: Is this the way to conquer? Do these methods work today? There he is, that strange man of Galilee. Yet can you name anybody who has had the influence upon the world that this man has had?

IS HUMILITY A VIRTUE?

Let us recall again the vivid scene of this first Palm Sunday. Read *Matthew 21:1-11* or *Mark 11:1-11*.

Why did Jesus come into Jerusalem riding upon an ass? Note that Matthew points out that this act of Jesus was a fulfillment of prophecy. Read *Zechariah 9:9*: "Thy King cometh unto thee: . . . lowly, and riding upon an ass. . . ."

He came as a man of peace, not of war. His attitude was that of gentleness, lowliness, patience, forbearance. Remember that later on during this last week Jesus washed the feet of his disciples; and still later he went to a cross. That is the way of Jesus—the way of humility. *You may look up other verses teaching humility: Philip-
pians 2:8; Matthew 5:5; 18:4; Luke 14:10; 18:14; Romans 12:3; James 4:10; I Peter 5:5.*

Let us remember what humility

is. It does not mean being a doormat and letting everyone walk on you. This same Jesus who came into Jerusalem upon an ass also drove the money-changers out with a whip because they were desecrating the Temple. Meekness does not mean weakness. Jesus had power; but his power was moral and spiritual. He did not dominate. He did not force everyone into a particular mold. He had respect for personality. The way of humility is the way of love. It is the opposite of pride. It is a willingness to get under the other fellow's burden, to see his point of view, to respect him.

And that way still works. Who are the men you admire most? With whom do you like to associate? Are not they the ones who respect *you* as a person, who are willing to listen to your point of view, who are humble, meek? Not the "know-it-all's"; not the proud; not the scornful who look down upon you because they think they are a lot better than you are; but the truly humble people. And these people are the really great. Haven't you discovered that the really great people are the humble people? Truly humility is still a virtue.

WHY DID JESUS DIE?

All the days of Jesus' last week were important, but obviously in so short a period we do not have time to study all of them. Let us think now of that dark Friday, the Day of Suffering.

Jesus was arrested Thursday night, or early Friday morning, and then was brought before the rulers for trial. Before nine in the morning he had been rushed

through six stages of the trial and stood condemned to die. They led him up Golgotha hill; they dug holes into the ground for three crosses; then they nailed him to his cross, took the cross up with his body nailed to it, and dropped it with a thud into the center hole. And there, from nine o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon, Jesus was dying! His head was thorn-pierced; his side was sword-pierced; his feet were spike-pierced; and his soul was sin-pierced. Why did he die?

No doubt he could have come down from the cross. He could have commanded legions of angels to do his bidding. But instead he chose to die. Why? He knew that by his death he could do something for man that he could not do by his life. "And I, if I be lifted up . . . , will draw all men unto me" (John 12:32). Indeed, as the divine Son of God, as the pure and sinless one, by his death on the cross he paid sin's price and secured for us salvation.

The meaning of the cross may be summed up in the following brief statements:

1. *Resistance to evil will demand its toll.* Remember that Jesus was put to death by the enemies of righteousness. He had resisted evil and wickedness, and now he was being put to death.

2. *The innocent suffer for the guilty.* He who knew no sin was made to be sin that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. Jesus suffered that we might live. He had done no wrong; yet he suffered and died. By going to the cross, he became our Redeemer. Jesus took our place.

3. *Jesus had faith in God.* The hour seemed dark when Jesus uttered that prayer, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But in the end, you will remember, Jesus prayed: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Someone has pointed out that these words mean, "I trust my spirit." Jesus knew that beyond the people's ignorance, beyond their sins, beyond his own suffering, beyond the dimness of death, there was this flaming certainty—God! And God was the rewarder of those who diligently seek him.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE CHURCH?

This session focuses our attention upon two things—humility and self-sacrifice, Palm Sunday and Good Friday. We may well ask ourselves if we of the Christian church have not forgotten the lessons of those days! Do we believe any more in humility? Are we willing to sacrifice? Suppose we were making a list of the things wrong with the church. Would not pride and selfishness be right up at the top of the list?

We have today a religion of convenience rather than a religion of the cross. We do the convenient thing. If it is convenient to go to the chaplain's services, we go. If it is convenient to live up to the principles of Christ, we side with them. But as true Christians we are not to do what we desire, or what is convenient, but what Jesus asks. And he says: "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me" (Mark 8:34).

The cross of Christianity is a

Questions for Discussion

1. What is humility?
2. In your opinion, does humility as a way of life work? Why or why not? What did Jesus teach?
3. Why did Jesus die on the cross?
4. What is the meaning of the cross for today?
5. Make a list of the things that, in your opinion, are wrong with the church. Number these in the order of their importance—the most serious, number 1; second most serious, number 2; etc.
6. How can a young Christian develop a disciplined Christian character?

rugged cross, a cross on which a man died. It was not a colored cross painted on glass; it was not a silver cross worn around the neck; it was not an architectural cross topping a church spire; it was a cross made out of wood, and on it the Christ died! We are to go to a cross. We are to die to sin, to gluttonies, to selfishness.

Let "Self" be crucified and slain
And buried deep: and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for Others.

Audio-visual Aids

Journey into Faith (16 mm. sound Cathedral motion picture; 34 min.).—The story tells of one of the men from Emmaus before Jesus' trial and after his resurrection. Religious Film Association and some denominational publishing houses. Rental, \$8.00 (during Lent, \$14.00).

The Living Christ

Luke 24:13-35

April 13

By Larry Fitzgerald

Aims for This Program

1. To recall the stirring events of the first Easter, made possible through the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

2. To increase our faith in the reality of the resurrection and the life after death.

3. To inspire Christians to live more worthily "the risen life."

Background Material

Millions of people around the world will be celebrating Easter now. They will be meeting in churches and chapels for worship; they will meet in bowls and on hillsides at sunrise; they will be clustered in little groups in lonely spots to sing, "Alleluia! Christ is risen indeed!"

How many?

Well, more than seven hundred millions around the globe.

It is all testimony to the fact that Christ is still alive. He died. He was buried. But he arose. The fires that he kindled that first resurrection day are still burning. Indeed, every Sunday is resurrection Sunday, not just Easter! The fact that we have a Christian church at all is proof of the risen Christ.

Let us consider today four evidences of the living Christ.

CHRIST LIVES IN HIS OWN PERSON

No part of the Gospels is better attested than the assurance of the resurrection of Jesus. Our faith

in his resurrection is substantiated by these five facts:

1. *The empty tomb.* (Read Matthew 27:58-28:6.)—Pilate gave the priests and Pharisees a watch, a guard to put at the tomb of Jesus to prevent his disciples from stealing the body away and then saying that Jesus had risen. A great stone was rolled in the door of the tomb. Every precaution was taken to insure that Jesus stay buried.

But in spite of all their attempts to prevent this mighty event, they could not; indeed, they could not because it was a part of the purpose of God.

There is excitement in those words that the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, rolled back the stone from the door of the tomb, and then—look—"sat upon it." A perfect symbol of triumphancy! In the early morning when the men and women came to the tomb to find the body, the grave was empty. Jesus had arisen!

2. *The appearances.* (Read Mark 16:9-11; Matthew 28:9-10; Luke 24:13-35; I Corinthians 15:5; Luke 24:36-48; John 20; 21:1-14; Mark 16:14-18; I Corinthians 15:7; Acts 1:3-12.)—In these verses you will discover the following appearances:

To Mary Magdalene

To the other women: Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, and others

To the two on the way to Emmaus

To Simon Peter
To the group in the Upper Room
To the disciples the next Sunday
night
To the seven by the sea
To 500 on a mount in Galilee
To James
Again to the disciples in Jerusalem
At the ascension

Jesus talked with the disciples, ate with them; they recognized him.

3. *The faith of the Twelve.*—As you study the Bible verses given above, you will see that when the story was brought that Jesus was alive, the disciples were doubtful. In spite of all that Jesus had told them, still they doubted. But before the forty days of his resurrection appearances were up, the disciples became firm believers.

4. *The Lord's day.*—Jesus and his disciples met for worship on the Jewish Sabbath. But shortly after the resurrection they began to come together on the first day of the week. (See Acts 20:7; I Corinthians 16:2; Revelation 1:10.) There is no explanation of this change other than to say that Christ truly arose on the first day of the week.

5. *The church.*—The very fact that the church went on, continued to live, is testimony to the risen Christ. Men do not celebrate defeats; and if Christ had been defeated, that would have been the end.

CHRIST LIVES IN HIS TEACHINGS

A foreign secretary of a great denomination tells of going into a Buddhist temple in Japan. The priest took him high up into what

he called his prayer tower. And then, as they were alone there, just the two of them, the priest took from a case a copy of the Bible and said, "I read from this."

Wherever men go they find the teachings of Christ. They have become warp and woof of the framework of civilizations today. Analyze the philosophies of the world, and you will find at the heart of many of them—the teachings of Jesus Christ. Sometimes they do not bear the name Christian. But the true Christian will recognize them.

Think over your own experience. Where have you found the teachings of Jesus Christ?

CHRIST LIVES IN HIS CHURCH

Read Matthew 16:13-20.

We have already pointed out that if Jesus had not risen from the dead the church would have disappeared from the earth. But the church did live. And today the sun never sets upon the church of Christ. Men and women around the world have accepted Christ as Savior, have been baptized, and now are carrying on an active life within the fellowship of the redeemed. It is marvelous what the church has been able to do through the centuries. Of course, it has had its faults (and still does), but on the whole no other institution has done so much for humanity as the Christian church. Someone has well said: "The church is the best thing left in this chaotic world, and if its members could come to a vigorous life, they could rescue this world and themselves from its bondage of sin and impotence."

Questions for Discussion

1. How does the celebration of Easter substantiate our faith that Christ is alive?

2. What are the evidences of Jesus' resurrection?

3. What do you think of the following statement by John A. Ryan of Catholic University?

History assures me that Jesus Christ arose from the dead, demonstrating that His soul did not perish when separated from His body. The resurrection proves that Christ was God. Therefore, He spoke with knowledge and with truth when He declared that the souls of men live after death. Hence my belief in immortality is not wishful faith or trust. Fundamentally it is intellectual.

4. What type of living on the part of the Christian demonstrates the reality of the living Christ?

The best thing left—that is the church, testimony to the reality of the living Christ!

Now it is true that some churches *are dead*. They have so let form and machinery drown out the Spirit of the living God that they are dead. Then they do not bear witness to the living Christ. You can help your church bear witness to the living Christ by helping it to be alive.

CHRIST LIVES IN THE LIVES OF MEN AND WOMEN

The Apostle Paul once said: "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me" (Galatians 2:20). Again, he said: "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain" (Philippians 1:21). Men saw Christ in the

beauty and simplicity of living of Francis of Assisi (1182-1226). Martin Luther (1483-1546) reflected the courage and daring of the Christ as he fought against ecclesiasticism at the time of the Reformation. David Livingstone (1813-73) showed forth the compassion of Christ for the souls of men as he went out to Africa to bring light to a dark continent. Dwight L. Moody (1837-99) reflected the light of Jesus' concern for men when he led the movement toward a great awakening in America. Women like Jane Addams (1860-1935) have shown forth the beauty and glory of Christ as they have given themselves in unselfish service to the downtrodden among us.

The list might stretch out endlessly. Now ask the question of yourself: Am I reflecting the living Christ by my life?

Audio-visual Aids

Barabbas the Robber (16 mm. J. Arthur Rank sound motion picture; 38 min.).—Dramatic presentation of Passion Week events as they would have appeared to Barabbas, leader of a gang of rebels. RFA, denominational publishing houses, United World Films, local dealers. Rental, \$12.00 (during Lent, \$17.50).

The Road Back (16 mm. sound motion picture; 30 min.).—Faith has a place in today's competitive commercial world. Useful at Eastertime, as the men concerned prepare an Easter advertising campaign. RFA, denominational publishing houses, local dealers. Rental, \$8.00.

Your Ear, Your Tongue, and Your Heart

James 1:17-27

April 20

By Larry Fitzgerald

Aims for This Program

1. To help our group gain guidance on the Christian way to listen and to speak.
2. To give help to the members of our group in cultivating control of their emotions.

Background Material

The common conception of the Bible is that its instructions are given primarily to help us to be prepared to die. Remember the story of the doomed man awaiting execution in the prison cell. A committee brought him some magazines and recent books to read. He refused to take them and said, "There is only one book for a dying man, the Bible." He was right.

Yet the Bible also aids man in living, and much of its information is given to help man to live more effectively.

The Book of James is particularly helpful in this regard. It is a book of practical instructions on how to put our Christianity into practice in everyday living. Let us see what we can learn from a wonderful little verse couched in the midst of our larger Bible lesson: "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath."

SWIFT TO HEAR

It is often well said that a man should keep his eyes and ears open. A lot of people don't. James says you ought to learn the art of hear-

ing well. Have you learned this?

Some people go through life with their ears stopped up. A certain member of a church was talking with his minister the other day, and he said: "Pastor, you don't get a hearing. If the people would just listen! . . . If they would just listen!" The people were coming to church Sunday after Sunday; they were sitting in the pews; but they never heard a thing that was said. Oh, technically speaking, they heard; but not actually. They never let the minister's message penetrate the innermost sanctuaries of their hearts.

Why? Because they did not want to hear. They were satisfied with the way they were thinking, and so they closed their ears (and their minds) and let the minister's message stay outside.

Why? Because they were selfish. Why do people not hear? Because they are so busy thinking about self, living for self, doing for self. The big "I" has come to be so important that everything else is pushed aside.

SLOW TO SPEAK

Perhaps no one in all literature recognized the importance of the tongue so much as James. If you have time, go through the entire book and underline the verses that have something to say about the tongue. Read some of these verses to your group. A certain church-school lesson asks the question,

"Do you talk like a Christian?" It is a good question.

Notice how James describes the tongue. What the bit is to the horse, what the helm is to the ship, the tongue is to the person. It is small like the bit and helm, and yet "how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" He says: "And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell" (James 3:6). The beasts men have tamed. "But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God" (James 3:8-9).

An old proverb says: "Think twice before you speak." A newer proverb, building on that, says: "Think twice before you speak and then speak to yourself." We recognize the importance of choosing our words wisely, but are we really slow to speak? How many people do we hurt constantly by our tongues?

Much of the bitterness of the world is caused by words wrongly spoken. We speak ill of the people of one nation; they retaliate and speak ill of us. Someone says something unkind about you. You say he's not going to get away with it, so you say something unkind about him. And so the vicious circle goes on, and the world is filled with hard feelings and bitterness.

Have you met that man in the services who is constantly "running off at the mouth," as we say?

Nothing is right. The Old Man, the officers, the Army, the Navy, the food; and on and on he goes with this little member (the tongue) infecting others if possible, gaining notoriety for a while (he has the stage while he is speaking), and doing a lot of harm. That man needs to hear James say, "Be slow to speak!"

SLOW TO WRATH

The third phase of James's counsel is: Be slow to get mad. Now James does not say that all wrath is bad. He does not say, Never get angry. There is a place for getting mad, for letting your righteous indignation rise up and protest! In Romans 1:18 Paul says: "The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men." Jesus gave way to righteous indignation when the money-changers were despoiling God's holy Temple.

We ought to get mad at injustice, hypocrisy, wickedness in high places, and all those things that dwarf and stifle the souls of men. We ought to get mad at intemperance and those wicked men who make capital gain out of the weakness of others. We ought to get mad at social injustice and racial prejudice. Name some of the other things at which the Christian should get mad.

The point here in James is that we should always keep our emotions under control, and he is speaking particularly of the emotion of anger. Some people go around with chips on their shoulders just waiting for someone to knock the chips off so they can get mad. They get mad at insignificant

little things; and they are constantly spoiling the happiness of others around them. Their sea is never placid and quiet; there is always a tempest raging.

Make it a practice never to go to bed angry at anybody. What kind of world would we have if everyone would practice that? Is that an impossible ideal, or do you believe it is workable?

Some people find it difficult to get along with other people. And this seems to be true in Christian groups as well as in others, though the Bible teaches us that we are to love one another. Perhaps we'd just as well accept the fact that some people click and others do not. What are we to do, then, when we meet people with whom we cannot get along? You see such a person, and immediately your blood jumps to the boiling point! Well, we've either got to get along or stay away from people like that. Even within the small group of the twelve disciples, Jesus found one Judas.

Have you ever analyzed yourself? What makes you "fly off the handle"? We ought to examine ourselves and eliminate those things that cause us to be perturbed. The Bible says, "As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." We ought constantly to try to make the world a brotherhood.

If you do get mad, what then? Get out in the open. Cool off before you say anything, and certainly before you act. Sometimes murder comes because people act merely on the emotional outburst and not on the basis of tempered judgments.

Questions for Discussion

1. Why do people not hear what others say?

2. Discuss the importance of the tongue in determining Christian character.

3. Draw a line down the center of a white sheet of paper. List on one side the unchristian words we use (curse words, gossip, etc.), and on the other side list some Christian uses of the tongue (kind words, thanksgiving, prayer, etc.).

4. Is it ever right to get mad? If so, when?

5. Albert Edward Day says, "In any battle between the emotions and the intellect, the emotions always win." Do you agree? How can we learn to control the emotions?

Audio-visual Aids

A Boy and His Prayer (16 mm. Family Films, sound motion picture; 20 min.).—The eleven-year-old boy prays that his father will not join in a robbery. Some unethical implications in the film should be discussed, and the aspects of true prayer and how God answers prayer should be brought out. RFA and some denominational publishing houses. Rental, \$5.00.

Out of the Dust (16 mm. sound motion picture; 44 min.).—About missions in Cuba and Mexico. RFA and denominational publishing houses. Rental, \$10.00.

Beyond Our Own (16 mm. sound motion picture; 40 min.).—A reminder of one's Christian responsibility to other people. RFA and denominational publishing houses. Rental, \$10.00.

You Live Only Once

Luke 12:13-21

April 27

By Larry Fitzgerald

Aims for This Program

1. To help our group to analyze some of the false philosophies of life claiming their attention.

2. To help them weigh the values of the Christian way of living and decide to live as true Christians.

Background Material

One of the most frequent excuses for wrong living is this: "You live only once, so what?" One person is guilty of loose living; another is a spendthrift; another is selfish, pushing everybody else out of the way. They have this in common; they all say: "Well, so what? You live only once!"

We have their biblical counterpart in the black-land farmer Jesus told us about in Luke 12. One year he made bumper crops and was very pleased with himself. Only one thing marred his happiness: he had to tear down his old barns and build new, bigger ones so he'd have a place to store all of his bounty. When I have done that, he thought within himself, "I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."

Up to then, the black-land farmer was the only speaker. But just then God spoke. And God's estimate of the man was quite different from the man's own. God said: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then

whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?" (Luke 12: 20.)

How do you answer that question—You live only once, so what? Let us consider several answers.

BE GAY

The black-land farmer expressed this idea well when he said, "Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." This philosophy of life says: "Have a good time; let us be gay!" Now there's nothing wrong with having a good time; but, unfortunately, these people usually mean, "Cast discretion to the winds; satisfy the physical urges primarily." They make gaiety their god.

In some libraries there is a novel with the title *Enchantment*. Of one character the author says, "She drank it—brimming full—the cup of enchantment." How different from Jesus! What kind of cup did he drink? *Read Luke 22:39-46.*

E. Stanley Jones says that man is caught in between two kingdoms. There are four kingdoms: the kingdom of the plant life, the kingdom of the animal world, the kingdom of man, and the Kingdom of God. Caught as he is between two kingdoms, says Stanley Jones, man can either descend to become an animal or ascend to become a member of the Kingdom of God! The person who lives merely to gratify physical desires is living down in the realm of the animal kingdom.

At one time this was the philosophy of the writer of Ecclesiastes. Said he: "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast: for all is vanity" (Ecclesiastes 3:19).

One day a minister was out riding near his parish in Missouri. He came upon a distressed woman standing by a car on the highway. And the minister stopped to aid her. Said she: "My husband was drunk, but he was trying to drive the car. Come, look at him now." And the minister saw that he was down in the ditch sleeping, doped by his drink. He had fallen from the car. Together the minister and the woman got the drunk into the car, and then the woman drove off.

But the minister thought: "Young people say, 'I'm going to be free.' They take their fling. But instead of getting freedom they become slaves to some evil habit. How free was that drunk down in the ditch?"

Really, the more of life we bring under control the more freedom we have. Therefore this philosophy of life is inadequate. It is not enough to say, "Be gay!"

GET MONEY

"You live only once, so what?" Get money! This is the way some people answer that question. They change the old proverb to read, "Money is the principal thing; therefore get money." Three great gods we worship are Mammonism, Materialism, and Militarism.

How many Americans think of

Questions for Discussion

1. What are the characteristics of shoddy living? Of great living?

2. How much time should one spend in having fun, and how much time in serious work and study?

3. Are there any things a Christian should not do? What? What principles should guide Christians in determining what kinds of fun they should participate in?

4. Discuss the dangers of riches.

5. How does money contribute to the spread of the gospel?

6. Describe some person you've met who lives up to the Christian principle of serving others, of putting others first.

success in terms of making money? What would you say? Five out of ten? Eight out of ten? Nine out of ten? Now money is not evil in itself; it is only when we make money by unjust means, or mis-use money, or make money our god, that it becomes sinful. It is not *money* that is the root of all kinds of evil, but the *love* of money.

What is the conclusion of Jesus about this black-land farmer, this rich fool who is the subject of our study? *Read Luke 12:21*. How may we be rich toward God? Being rich toward God serves to check us from becoming too dependent upon things and too greatly in love with riches.

Two other parables Jesus told had some important lessons to teach about money. *Read Luke 15: 11-32 and Mark 10:17-22*. What

errors did the Prodigal Son commit? And the Rich Young Ruler?

The Commencement speaker wisely said: "Never forget the everlasting difference between making a living and making a life."

Henry C. Link says, "The wealth achieved by a successful business man is not so important as the habits by which wealth was achieved."

Not long ago a lawyer was talking with his minister about the law business. The lawyer said, "It is impossible to be a Christian and stay in the law business." What do you think? Indeed, you might say that about the services. But remember that Christ has promised to give us strength to live above the temptations of the world. A great ocean liner is *in* the water, but it does not have to be *of* the water. If it gets to that point, down it goes.

SERVE

"You live only once, so what?" Serve! This is the way the Christian answers that question. Actually, you do live only once, in a sense; for the future life is a part of this one. We say that death is a separation of the soul from the body; but at death the soul goes on into the other world, either to be with God or to be separated from him.

Contrast the mission of Jesus with that of this rich fool. "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." Most of us want to be ministered unto; we want others to recognize us, to serve us, to do good things for us. But Jesus

thought not of self but of others. Indeed, that is the happy life. We need to discover it.

The poet prays:

Lord, help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That even when I kneel to pray
My prayer shall be for Others.

When John Geddie, the missionary, went out to the Island of Aneityune, no Christians were there; but when he left it was a different story. The islanders erected a monument to him, and this is the inscription on it: "When he landed here, there were no Christians. When he left here in 1872, there were no heathen." Think of the contribution of that man!

This spirit of service, of giving one's self for others, is the one hope for distressed mankind today.

Audio-visual Aids

Developing Your Character (16 mm. Coronet sound motion picture; 10 min.).—A round-table discussion on the importance of character. Coronet and denominational publishing houses. Rental: black and white, \$2.00; color, \$4.00.

A Wonderful Life (16 mm. sound motion picture; 45 min.).—The story of a faithful Christian. RFA, denominational publishing houses, local dealers. Rental, \$10.

For Good or Evil (16 mm. sound motion picture; 48 min.).—Story of three men and their godson and what money means to them. RFA, denominational publishing houses, local dealers. Rental, \$12.00.

Recreational Activities

BY MAURICE D. BONE

WHEN we go to the movies or a sports event, we are seeking to be entertained. This kind of entertainment is called recreation, and it is—for the actors or players. But we don't really play until we participate. We need to take part in an experience which requires expression of thought and art, which contributes to beauty, and through which God's creative power may flow. All of this is part of the development of Christian personality. Therefore let us learn to take part in, as well as to watch, a performance.

Build a Chorus

De Paur's Infantry Chorus, one of the finest singing groups in America today, grew out of the enjoyment a group of men found in singing together while they were at Fort Dix during World War II.

Every group of men is a potential chorus. Sing together whenever you can.

Create Music Drama

There must be actors, artists, poets, and musicians in your group. Here is an idea that will use your creative talent: Your script is found in the twenty-first chapter of John's Gospel. Here is a scene that depicts the soul of a man in a time of great decision. Those of you who are interested in drama, try writing a dialogue to fit the setting. Those interested in art, try drawing the scene as you see it. You poets, tell the story of the

occasion in a poem. You musicians, write the musical score. Put all this together for your own benefit.

Play "Rhythm"

Here is a game involving participation of the whole group:

Players are usually seated in a semicircle and numbered off, each player remembering his own number.

To begin, all players start a 1, 2, 3, 4 rhythm thus: Strike both legs with the two hands on 1. Raise hands and clap them together on 2. Then, hands at shoulder height, snap right finger and thumb on 3, and left finger and thumb on four.

Then the leader calls his own number and the number of someone else. These calls must be made in rhythm, his own coming on the right snap and the number of the other player he calls coming on the left snap.

The player whose number is called must catch his number and call it on the next right snap, at the same time calling another number on the left snap.

This continues until some player makes a mistake by failing to be alert or by calling the numbers out of rhythm. He then moves to the low end of the semicircle.

Everyone who moves up a chair gets a new number.

The object is to unseat those at the head of the circle.



Alyce Miller Mullen ("Happy Easter!" page 1), a native of Ohio, recently graduated from Baldwin-Wallace College in Berea, Ohio. Shortly thereafter she married and moved to Washington and joined *THE LINK* staff as Editorial Assistant.

Elizabeth Sadler ("Cherry-Blossom Time in Japan," page 4), who is traveling in the Far East for the U. S. Department of State as a journalist and teacher in the Foreign Service, is a native of Birmingham, Alabama. Her former experience includes book editing with Abingdon-Cokesbury Press and teaching in the University of Montana. She is coauthor of a textbook of English being prepared for the use of Koreans.

Jay Scott ("The Man Who Thought He Was Emperor," page 8) attended Wellesley College, did public relations and recruiting writing in the Army, served a brief stint as an overseas airline hostess, and worked on a Los Angeles newspaper. She recently moved to New York to do radio and television writing.

Eleanor Coburn ("What the Well-dressed Battle WAC Wore in the 1860's," page 17) grew up

in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She has written many short stories, fifteen novels, and innumerable poems.

Pearl P. Puckett ("You're Dead Wrong About Isolationists," page 18) is a redhead from Omaha who likes writing short articles as well as fiction. You may remember some of her articles published in earlier issues of *THE LINK*: "Chaplain's Office . . . Saint Peter Talking," "Hell Buggies," and "Leprosy, the Forgotten Enemy," to mention just a few.

Harold Garnet Black ("The Greatest Book," page 21), who resides in Beverly Hills, California, has long been a contributor of religious, educational, and other articles to American and Canadian periodicals. In addition, he has published seven books.

Richard S. Smith ("Fine, Sir, Perfectly Fine!" page 26) spent two years in the Army during World War II. Prior to that, he served almost two years as a volunteer ambulance driver with the American Field Service in North Africa and Italy. At present he is writing scripts for the American Broadcasting Company.

Harold Helfer ("Haversham Drive," page 29) was a newspaperman and columnist in Birmingham, Alabama, for twelve years before joining the Marine Corps in 1942. You probably remember his story in the October *LINK*, "The Man in Tenth Seat Back."

A
BIBLE READING
FOR
EVERY DAY
OF THE MONTH

Daily Rations



BY
JAMES V. CLAYPOOL
(Secy., promotion of
Bible Use,
American Bible
Society)

THEME: Generating Enthusiasm for Jesus

1	No Hyocrites Wanted	Mark 7
2	Imperishable Bread	Mark 8:1-21
3	Who Am I?	Mark 8:22-38
4	My Beloved Son	Mark 9:1-29
5	Salty	Mark 9:30-50
6	Jesus Triumphant	Mark 11
7	The First Commandment	Mark 12
8	The End of the World	Mark 13
9	Jealous for Jesus	Mark 14:1-42
10	Jealous of Jesus	Mark 14:43-72
11	Jesus Jeered At	Matthew 27:1-31
12	Jesus on the Gibbet	Matthew 27:32-66
13	For All Generations	Mark 16:1-20
14	The Grandest Garden	John 20:1-31
15	Follow Thou	John 21:1-25
16	Fisherman Jesus	Luke 5:1-17
17	New and Old	Luke 5:18-39
18	Preacher Peter	Acts 3:1-26
19	Prisoner Peter	Acts 4:1-22
20	Sharing Possessions	Acts 4:23-37
21	Pious Pretense	Acts 5:1-16
22	God, Not Men	Acts 5:17-42
23	The First Leaders	Acts 6:1-15
24	On Trial	Acts 7:1-29
25	He Lost His Life	Acts 7:30-60
26	Purchasing Religious Power	Acts 8:1-25
27	Instantaneous Baptism	Acts 8:26-40
28	Complete Conversion	Acts 9:1-22
29	Thinking Through	Acts 9:23-43
30	Praying Through	Acts 10:1-33



Is she ready for the battle of life?

She ought to be. She's been in four engagements already.

What a day! I lost my job. I lost my billfold. My wife left me. The Senators lost to Chicago. It's unbelievable—leading by three in the eighth, and they lost to Chicago!

—*The Dope Sheet*

He (at the movies): Can you see all right?

She: Yes.

He: Is there a draft on you?

She: No.

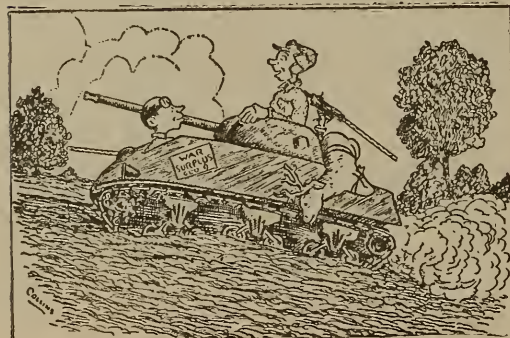
He: Seat comfortable?

She: Yes.

He: Mind changing places?

—*Christian Observer*

Heard the fish story about the man who had his first catch mounted—on a popsicle stick?



During one of Evangelist Moody's meetings a personal worker approached a young man with the question: "Are you a Christian?" The young man smiled good-naturedly as he explained: "Oh, no, sir. I am one of the choir."

Methuselah ate what he found on his plate,

And never as people do now,
Did he note the amount of the calory count—

He ate it because it was chow.
He wasn't disturbed as at dinner he sat,

Devouring a roast or a pie—
To think it was lacking in granular fat,

Or a couple of vitamins shy.
He cheerfully chewed each species of food,

Unmindful of troubles or fears
Lest his health might be hurt by some fancy dessert—

And he lived over 900 years.

—*Santa Fe Magazine*

Overheard on a bus: "The factory is giving us a raise, radio-active to the first of the year."

—*The Cresset*

Elmer, aged 13, was puzzled over the girl problem and discussed it with his pal, Joe.

"I've walked to school with her three times," he told Joe, "and carried her books. I bought her an ice cream soda twice. Now do you think I ought to kiss her?"

"Naw, you don't need to," Joe decided, after a moment of deep thought. "You have done enough for that girl already."

—*Christian Union Herald*

*Christ is arisen.
Joy to thee, mortal!
Out of his prison,
Forth from its portal!
Christ is not sleeping,
Seek him no longer;
Strong was his keeping,
Jesus was stronger.*

*Christ is arisen.
Seek him not here;
Lonely his prison,
Empty his bier;
Vain his entombing,
Spices and lawn,
Vain the perfuming,
Jesus is gone.*

*Christ is arisen.
Joy to thee, mortal!
Empty his prison,
Broken its portal!
Rising, he giveth
His shroud to the sod;
Risen, he liveth,
And liveth to God.*

J. W. von Goethe





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**U. S. Army Chaplain School
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